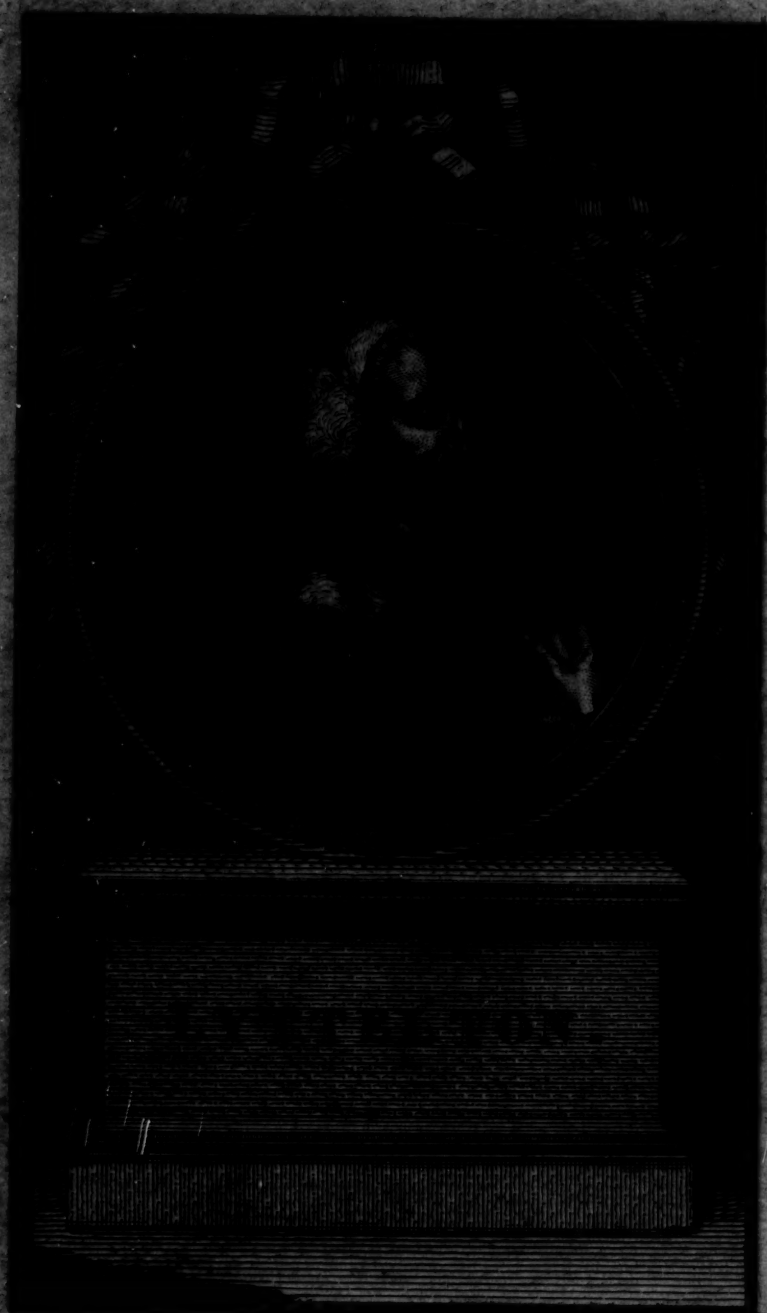
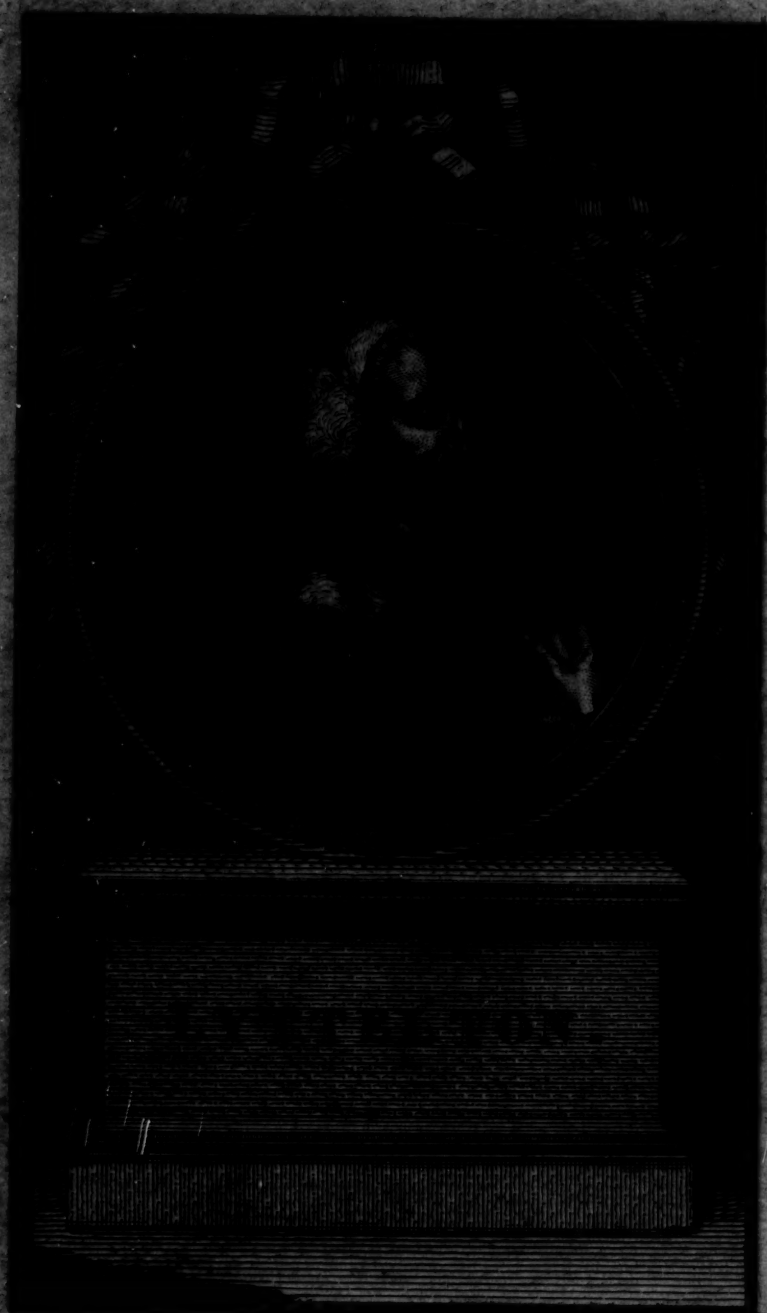




Colony, N.Y.



Colony, 1840

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY J. RIVINGTON;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, H. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDEN, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, P. NEWBERRY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, DEIGH AND SOTHERBY, J. BEW, N. COBANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M D C C L X X I X.



THE
P O E M S
OF
LYTTLETON,
WEST,
AND
GRAY.

THE
P. O. F. M. S.
OF
L. Y. T. T. F. L. T. O. N.



G. R. A. Y.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE

IN FOUR EPILOGUES.

I. DEDICATION. To Mr. Parnell.

II. HERE, TURNER HALL, GEORGE HODGKINSON.

III. DEDICATION. To the Right Hon. the Lord

IV. DEDICATION. To the Right Hon. the Lord

VICTORIAN CONGRATULATION.

OF

UNCERTAINTY. To Mr. Parnell.

LORD LYTTLETON.

While yet the stars, as usual, with their light

Whispered in whisper's grave her secret lay,

Though now, as usual, bound in France's wing,

Of glorious wars and godlike deeds they sing,

Will then with us revolve once more again.

The crystal spheres, and the rocky plain

With their indifferent, silent, steady gaze

The various changes of a world's decay

And, when the sun of nature's day

Is in the west, and the

B

THE

THE ROYAL SOCIETY

THE
P O E M S



LORD ELTON

THE

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.
IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

- I. UNCERTAINTY. To Mr. POPE.
II. HOPE. To the Hon. GEORGE DODDINGTON.
III. JEALOUSY. To EDWARD WALPOLE, Esq;
IV. POSSESSION. To the Right Hon. the Lord
Viscount COBHAM.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I. To Mr. POPE.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beachen shade,
The Nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And, while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

4 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
 Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
 Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
 His flock, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
 To every savage a defenceless prey;
 No sense of interest could their master move,
 And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
 A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
 But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
 Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

" Ye nymphs, he cried, ye Dryads, who so long
 " Have favor'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
 " For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
 " Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
 " In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 " To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
 " Though wild Ambition, and destructive Rage,
 " No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
 " Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 " Nor Calumny your innocence invades:
 " Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
 " Too often violates your boasted rest;
 " With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 " And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
 " Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprize
 " On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
 " Then in wild tumults all my soul was toss'd,
 " Then reason, liberty, at once were lost:

" And

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I 5

" And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
 " But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
 " Then too she smil'd: can smiles our peace destroy,
 " Those lovely children of Content and Joy?
 " How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
 " From the same spring at the same moment flow?
 " Unhappy boy! these vain enquiries cease,
 " Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy peace:
 " Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
 " And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure,
 " Come, flattering-Memory! and tell my heart
 " How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
 " She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
 " Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
 " If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band;
 " To me alone she gave her willing hand;
 " Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
 " Still in my song found something to admire,
 " By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
 " By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
 " The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
 " The world, alas! like Damon, was deceiv'd.
 " When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
 " In words as soft as passion could inspire,
 " Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
 " Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
 " The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
 " Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
 " Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
 " Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.

6 LYTTTELTON'S POEMS.

" Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
 " To have my faithful service thus repaid?
 " Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
 " But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
 " Or did you only nurse my growing love,
 " That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
 " Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 " In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
 " A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
 " Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
 " No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
 " Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
 " 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 " And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."

Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-sick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
 Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON.

[Afterwards LORD MELCOMBE REGIS.]

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
 Nor Pan, nor Phoebus, tunes our artless reeds:
 From Love alone their melody proceeds.

From

From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join *.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

" Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,
" When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power;
" Then gloomy discontent and pining care
" Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
" Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
" Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
" Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
" These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
" There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
" When swains their sportives rites to Bacchus pay:
" She led the dance—heavens! with what grace she

" mov'd!
" Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
" I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
" But gloried in a happy captive's name;
" Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
" But leave to brutes their savage liberty,

B 4. " And

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love-
verses, which have never been published. LYTTLE.

LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

" And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy?
 " Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy?
 " Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store?
 " Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
 " Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy
 " cheek?
 " Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
 " Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
 " The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
 " From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 " Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
 " Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word
 " Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
 " Begin, my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;
 " A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
 " A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
 " Given with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content,
 " No laureat wreaths I ask, to bind my brows,
 " Such as the Muse on lofty Bards bestows:
 " Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
 " I from her lips my recompence require.
 " Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
 " Light gales have chac'd the late impending shower;
 " Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
 " Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
 " Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
 " The birds renew their songs on every spray!
 " Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown:
 " All nature smiles.—Will only Delia frown?

" Hark

HOPE. ECLOGUE II. 9

" Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
 " While every flower of every sweet they drain :
 " See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
 " The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep :
 " Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
 " If with my fond desires my love comply ;
 " From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
 " And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

" Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms ?

" What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?

" A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,

" Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold ;

" From distant isles the lovely stranger came,

" And bears the fortunate Canaries name ;

" In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,

" Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.

" Accept of this ; and could I add beside

" What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide :

" If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,

" On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.

" But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,

" Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove ;

" The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,

" Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite swain,

" For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,

" For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,

" Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray

" His music calls to dance the night away.

" And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,

" With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,

" I beg

10 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

" I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
 " And let her often hear her shepherd's name :
 " Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
 " And shew my merits in the fairest light;
 " My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 " And every friend shall claim a different lay.
 " But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
 " Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air —
 " Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
 " Adieu, my pipe; I go my love to meet —
 " O, may I find her as we parted last,
 " And may each future hour be like the past!
 " So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 " Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere;
 Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear:
 Of all the passions that employ the mind,
 In gentle Love the sweetest joys we find;
 Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
 For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin.

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III. 13

Begin, my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd;
Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
A castle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the scene, a while the swain
Beheld delighted; and forgot his pain;
But soon the strings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried; "May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
" Like these neglected roses, droop and fade!
" May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,
" That triumphs now in that deluding face!
" Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
" And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!
" Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
" To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
" Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
" Against whose power no ties have strength to bind?
" Has

12 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

" Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
 " To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
 " Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
 " And died with grief at each ungentle word?
 " Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
 " He pleas'd you, by not studying to please:
 " His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
 " And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.
 " O pain to think! another shall possess
 " Those balmy lips which I was wont to press:
 " Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 " And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!—
 " I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 " I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
 " Would my clos'd eye had sunk in endless night,
 " Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
 " Where-e'er they pass'd, be blasted every flower,
 " And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—
 " Ah wretched swain, could no examples move
 " Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
 " Hast thou not heard how poor * Menalcas died
 " A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
 " Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 " Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phoebus lov'd, in vain:
 " Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid;
 " And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
 " Would I could die like him, and be at peace?
 " These torments in the quiet grave would cease;

" There

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III. 33

" There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
 " And rest, as if my Delia still were kind.
 " No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid:
 " Some gods perhaps my just revenge will aid. —
 " Alas! what aid, fond swain, wouldst thou receive?
 " Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
 " Protect her, heaven! and let her never know
 " The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
 " I ask no vengeance from the powers above;
 " All I implore is never more to love. —
 " Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 " Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
 " Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast;
 " Wearied, at length, I seek thy downy rest:
 " No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 " My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
 " Hear, mighty Pan, and, all ye sylvens, hear
 " What by your guardian deities I swear;
 " No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms;
 " No more I'll court the traitorefs to my arms;
 " Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
 " And she shall find that reason conquers love!" —
 Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
 At once transported, he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.
TO LORD COBHAM.

C O B H A M, to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing ;
Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening plains :
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear ;
Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind :
When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
Delighted less than one successful night.
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er ;
And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar flood,
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league, to favour human-kind.
With wanton Cupids, in that happy shade,
The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd.
Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Interest, join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting tied the blissful bands,

Thither,

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV. 15

Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
 To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame;
 Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
 " Hail, bounteous god ! before whose hallow'd shrine
 " My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
 " While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
 " Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove !
 " And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires !
 " Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
 " Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
 " As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.
 " O the dear bloom of last propitious night !
 " O shade more charming than the fairest light !
 " Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
 " Then all my pains one moment overpaid ;
 " Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
 " Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
 " Thou too, bright goddess, once, in Ida's grove,
 " Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love ;
 " With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
 " Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade :
 " Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
 " And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
 " What are ye now, my once most valued joys ?
 " Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—
 " Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
 " Nor Golin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.
 " Ye Muses, skill'd in every winning art,
 " Teach me more deeply to engage her heart ;

" Ye

" Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
 " And crown her with the pride of all the spring;
 " On all her days let health and peace attend;
 " May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!
 " May some new pleasure every hour employ:
 " But let her Damon be her highest joy!
 " With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
 " All night caress thee, and admire all day;
 " In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
 " To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
 " Together will we share the harvest toils,
 " Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
 " Delightful state, where Peace and Love combine,
 " To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
 " Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
 " Here rising forests lift their verdant heads;
 " Here let me wear my careless life away,
 " And in thy arms insensibly decay.
 " When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
 " And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
 " When Time no longer will thy beauties spare,
 " And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair,
 " Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death,
 " At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath!
 " May we beneath one common stone be laid,
 " And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
 " Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
 " Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
 " And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
 " Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd."

[17]

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at EATON SCHOOL.

T WAS night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;

There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,

She meditates on the forsaken town:

On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,

She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

“ Ah, what avails it to be young and fair;

“ To move with negligence, to dress with care?

“ What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,

“ If all in envious solitude are lost?

“ Where none admire, 'tis useless to excell;

“ Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle:

“ Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;

“ Both most are valued, where they best are known.

“ With every grace of nature or of art,

“ We cannot break one stubborn country heart:

“ The brutes, insensible, our power defy:

“ To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity.

“ The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;

“ That is our Heaven, and we are angels there:

“ In that gay circle thousand Cupids rve,

“ The court of Britain is the court of Love.

“ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,

“ How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,

C

“ At

- " At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
 " The homage, due to Empire, paid to me!
 " When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
 " And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's frown;
 " When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
 " Less jealous in their power than in their love.
 " Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
 " Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky:
 " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 " The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 " In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 " Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
 " Unblest I wear my useless time away;
 " Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all
 " day;
 " Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer
 " (For dullness ever must be regular.)
 " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
 " Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
 " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 " Secure from meeting any tempter there;
 " From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
 " And am (alas!) at leisure to improve! —
 " Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
 " Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 " These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
 " Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
 " Sure erring Nature never could design
 " To form a housewife in a mould like mine!

O Venus,

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY. 19

" O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
" Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
" Let me revisit the dear town again :
" Let me be seen!—could I that wish obtain,
" All other wishes my own power would gain."

B L E N H E I M.

Written at the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD,
In the Year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assistent I invoke, that means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, sylvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove : there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honor'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of Malborough's hand; Britain, who sent him forth

Chief of Confederate hosts, to fight the cause
 Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
 This palace, sacred to her leader's fame :
 A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd
 Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
 Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
 Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
 Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design,

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
 Reward so glorious ! grateful nation, hail,
 Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed !
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
 The hero or the people ? Honour doubts,
 And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
 Not thus Germania pays th' uncancel'd debt
 Of Gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
 When thou behold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
 A monument of shame ! Canst thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
 Did for thy throne that day ? But we disdain
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Still thy obdurate heart against the sense
 Of obligation infinite ; and know,
 Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
 Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
 With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint

Of

Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
 Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
 His purple wave; and there the Granick flood
 With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
 Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame:
 With glorious competition; equal both
 In valour and in fortune: but their praise
 Be different, for with different views they fought;
 This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
 The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
 The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempe fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
 Of this romantic wilderness once stood
 The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
 Sacred to Grief and Love; the crystal fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
 Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excell.
 But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
 Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
 Through which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn! Silent a while, and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force

Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls.
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters relucant in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of Faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement past
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent Heaven
Gave a companion to his softer hours,
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:
Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.

Thee,

Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
 Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
 To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
 Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
 Who now, regardless of thy fame, erects
 The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe
 With pious honours to thy sacred name
 Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
 Of yon aerial pillar, proudly stands
 Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
 And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,
 The German eagles spread their wings; his hand
 Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
 Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
 Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
 A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
 The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
 A meaner trophy, by the Imperial hand;
 Extorted gratitude! which now the rage
 Of malice impotent, beseeming ill
 A regal breast, has level'd to the ground:
 Mean insult! This, with better auspices,
 Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
 How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how repaid
 His services. Nor shall the constant love
 Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
 In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
 Of future Bards in ages yet unborn,
 Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves

First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That, fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land:

To

TO THE REVEREND DR. AYS COUGH, at OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the Year 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?

What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?

Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore

Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,

Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,

At once exalts and polishes the mind?

How different from our modern guilty art,

Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;

Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,

And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!

Dost thou in sage historians joy to see

How Roman greatness rose with liberty;

How the same hands that tyrants durst control

Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;

Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd

The proud luxurious masters of mankind?

Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,

Each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire;

Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,

And all the crimes, that giddy Faction knows;

Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,

Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,

She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,

The slave and tutored of protecting Rome?

Does

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
 Not, like a cloyster'd drone, to read and dose,
 In undeserving, undeserv'd, repose;
 But Reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
 Nor vex with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
 Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good * Wor'ster thus supports his drooping age,
 Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;
 He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
 Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
 guide!

Θ gene-

* Bp. Hough.

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the *law of love* by fear.
The priest who plagues the world can never mend:
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear.
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
(In courts a mean; in camps a generous band;)
From each low tool of power, content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though oppress)
With

With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
In the short sun-shine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ:
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakespeare's force and fire!
Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor;
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style Ambition GREAT*.
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew †;
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)

Beneath

* The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury * :
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind!

O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat!

At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;

At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,

And all my country on my soul returns.

When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain

No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?

When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth

That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth?

When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood,

Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,

Of fearless independence wisely vain,

The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet, oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,

Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;

Bids me contemplate every state around,

From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;

Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories, see;

And tells me, These, like England, once were free!

T O

* St. Cloud.

TO MR. POYNTZ.

Ambassador at the Congress of Soissons,
in 1728.

Written at Paris.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts
guide;

Thou to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;

Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?

Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)

Thy busy life at length might be thy own;

That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,

No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?

Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,

To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,

Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,

And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,

By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,

On flowery couches slumbers life away,

And gently bids his active powers decay;

Who

Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Though wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;

The

The point to which our sweetest passions move
 Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
 This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
 Friend of our health, and author of our rest :
 Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
 And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
 Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inspires
 More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires ;
 Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
 And every tender verse more sweetly flows.
 Dull is the privilege of living free ;
 Our hearts were never form'd for liberty :
 Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
 Can best defend them from consuming care.
 In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
 And Nature in her rural works admire ;
 Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm ;
 They may delight us, but can never warm.
 May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
 With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire ;
 And teach thee that soft science, which alone
 Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known ?
 Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
 To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
 And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
 Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
 Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
 For Heaven shall ratify what they reveal :
 " A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
 " With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
 " Whose

- " Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
 " Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
 " Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share;
 " Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care;
 " Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
 " And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
 " Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would
 " prove,
 " That happiness is near allied to love."

VERSES to be written under a PICTURE
 of Mr. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall find
 A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?
 A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
 In a false world that dares to be sincere;
 Wise without art; without ambition great;
 Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
 With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
 Yet better still by native prudence taught;
 That, fond the griefs of the distress to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel;
 That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
 That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
 That, to its own perfections singly blind,
 Would for another think this praise design'd.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night,
 The darken'd age's last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of antient wit;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
 From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty!
 Nor Baïæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar or Mintio rove;
 To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
 Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate:

Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled;
 That there the source of science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd;
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
 Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise:

“ Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid,
 “ These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 “ When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 “ To Pope this message from his master bear:
 “ Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 “ To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 “ If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
 “ Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,

36 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

- " No more let meaner satire dim the rays
 " That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;
 " In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
 " But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
 " Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 " Address the least attractive of the Nine.
 " Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 " A lasting column to thy country's praise ;
 " To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
 " That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
 " Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
 " And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
 " Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 " Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;
 " Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
 " With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd ;
 " Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
 " But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.
 " If these commands submissive thou receive,
 " Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,
 " Envy to black Cocytus shall retire ;
 " And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;
 " Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
 " And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

T O

L O R D H E R V E Y.

In the Year 1730. From Worcestershire.

- “ Strenua nos exercet inertia : navibus atque
 “ Quadrigis petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic est ;
 “ Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.” HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
 Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
 Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
 To thy long absent and forgotten friend ;
 Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
 Return'd at length to his own native shore,
 From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
 Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
 Has found that happiness he sought in vain
 On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine ?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
 The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style ;
 At soft Italian sounds to melt away ;
 Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray ;
 That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
 Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
 In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
 Still open, and still flowing to the wise ;
 Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
 Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,

But, in its proper channels gliding fair;
 A common benefit, which all may share.
 Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search
 is vain.

So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
 We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
 Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
 Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.
 The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
 Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
 From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions flow,
 Be chang'd by Africk's heat, or Russia's snow?
 Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
 What from unthinking folly we endure?
 Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
 In generous love of others good, to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear:

This

This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire;
But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind.
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part;
But be a country gentleman at heart.

ADVICE TO A LADY. 1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.

40 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit 's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and Ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason, heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most ye tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? — To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Ee that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:

ADVICE TO A LADY. 41

Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat:
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign:
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution chuse; but then be fondly kind.

The

42 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame,
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And

ADVICE TO A LADY.

43

And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of *wife*;
A maid so wedded is a *whore for life*.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where favouring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the Husband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost;
The Graces might *alone* his heart *allure*;
They and the *Virtues meeting* must *secure*.

Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride, his *servant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife*;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:

Ev'n

44 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732.

R.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If she some other youth commend,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shadiest grove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for every swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONNET.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That part my love and me :
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?

III. Will

III.

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

V.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this;
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON

DAMON AND DELIA.
IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

Written in the Year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;

48 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
Too well the Lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just:
Reason this faith may disapprove;
But I believe, because I love.

DAMON.

ODE,

O D E,

IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

("O primavera gioventu del anno.")

Written Abroad in 1729.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring,
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing!

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possess;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
Though on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear;
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint: for Delia is not there.

E

V. Chear-

V.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
 From thee while absent I in exile rove;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

Translated, 1729-30.

(" Divitias alius fulvo fibi congerat auro.")

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
 And, much possessing, labour still for more;
 Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
 Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
 Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
 Humbly secure, and indolently blest;
 Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,
 I'll waste the wintery hours in social mirth;
 In Summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
 In Autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
 And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
 Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
 With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;
 With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
 And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
 At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
 Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;

Or,

Or, while the wintery clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber assisted by the beating shower!
Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;
But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat:
For what reward so rich could Fortune give,
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let Great Messalla shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
Me Beauty holds, in strong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
How would I slight Ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair-one's side,
Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repose.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours prosperous war can give;
Though through the vanquish'd East he spread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;
Though, bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,
With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.

52 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

No pomps like these my humble vows require;
 With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
 Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
 Thee may my faltering hand yet strive to hold!
 Then, Delia, then, thy heart will melt in woe,
 Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
 Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
 Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
 But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
 Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair:
 Wound not thy form; lest on th' Elysian coast
 Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now nor death nor parting should employ
 Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
 We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
 All care, all business, but delightful Love.
 Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
 Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
 Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,
 This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which Pity and Esteem can move;
 Which can be just and kind?

II. 1s

II.

Is it, because you fear to share
 The ills that Love molest;
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the amorous breast?

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain:
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

V E R S E S,

Written at Mr. POPE's House at Twickenham,
 which he had lent to Mrs. GREVILLE.

In August, 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the busy town,
 Not all its wealth or pride
 Could tempt me from the charms that crown
 Thy rural flowery side:

II.

Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
 The Muses' green retreat,
 With every smile of Nature grac'd,
 With every art complete.

E 3 III. But

44 LYTTELTON'S POEMS.

III.

But now, sweet Bard, thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still, for beauteous Greville's sake,
The Muses here remain;
Greville, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of every swain.

E P I G R A M.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair:
But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

To Mr. WEST, at WICKHAM*.

Written in the Year 1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.

To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and Love.

To

* See the Inscriptions in Mr. West's Poems.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd
I sung my amorous strains :
No serious love my bosom fir'd ;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian choir
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH

HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be express'd,
In these soft numbers see ;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

TO him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
 Another day or year to live;
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
 Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms;
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

I.

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd;
 Where all the letters of my absent fair
 (His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd:

II.

In every word a magic spell I found
 Of power to charm each busy thought to rest;
 Though every word increas'd the tender wound
 Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

III. So

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE. 37

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses every sorrow at the sight;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

V.

Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS,
IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.
TO THE SAME.

I.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II. IF

58 LYTTTELTON'S POEMS.

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
And there let sad Despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone ;
No other wish, nor other object knows ;
Oh ! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart secure repose !

IV.

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
No walls of brass, no steel-defended door :
Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme ;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE. 59

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet,
 Beneath th' accustom'd line:
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
 But that she had not time.

III.

"It was not thus, inconstant maid!
"You acted once," (the shepherd said)
 " When love was in its prime:"
She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ, to ease his pain,
 But that she had not time.

IV.

How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
 If love be not a crime.—
We soon must part for months, for years—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
 But that she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the
 same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole,
With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul?

Kind

Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
 Each melting charm that Love alone inspires;
 These, these are lost; and I behold no more
 The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
 Yet, still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
 I ought, but dare not try, to love you less;
 Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
 But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
 For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
 Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no
 more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
 I say to my heart, "Be at rest, and believe
 "That whom once she has chosen she never will leave."

II.

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face;
 My heart beats again; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
 For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same.

TO

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE. 61

TO THE SAME;

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present, may thy lovely eyes

Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :

Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies ;

And measure time, by joy succeeding joy !

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss

To me not always will thy sight allow ;

Then oft with kind impatience look on this,

Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,

Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,

What is the charm that each successive year,

Which sees me with my Lucy here,

Can thus to my transported heart

A sense of joy unfelt before impart ?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows

From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose ?

Her

62 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
Of rural blifs, was here before :

Oft have I met her on the verdant fide
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.

No fweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love thefe new delights I owe ?

Four times has the revolving fun
His annual circle through the zodiac run ;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can beftow,
Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

IV.

Here firft my Lucy, fweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms ;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blifsful fires
Of innocent defires,

While Venus fcatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this ftrange increafe of joy
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If fuch another happy man there be)

Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

TO THE MEMORY

O F

THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY. A. D. 1747.

" Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,

" Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,

" Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

I.

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
 From every duty, every care,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share;
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
 Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
 This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief;
 Of grief surpassing every other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
 Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II. Ye

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:
 Nor will she now with fond delight
 And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
 Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice;
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring:
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And every shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell;
 For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV. In

IV.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?

Your bright inhabitant is lost.

You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts

Where female vanity might wish to shine,

The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.

Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:

To your sequester'd dales

And flower-embroider'd vales

From an admiring world she chose to fly:

With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,

The silent paths of wisdom trod;

And banish'd every passion from her breast,

But those, the gentlest and the best,

Whose holy flames with energy divine

The virtuous heart enliven and improve,

The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful Fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?

Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?

O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe!

Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love

To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?

Could not your favouring power, Aonian maids,
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,

And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII. Nor

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on * Mincio's bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where, through hanging woods,
 Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where || Meles or § Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise

F 2 Italia's

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called *Melissigenes*.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Italia's happy genius could produce;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb:
 But foremost thou, in fable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
 How eloquent in every look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
 Tell

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence!

Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the softening influence
 Of more than female tenderness:

How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,

Her kindly-melting heart,
 To every want and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!

Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life

Beneath the bloody knife,

Her gentle tears would fall,

Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind:

A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down

On Fortune's smile or frown;
 That could without regret or pain

To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice

Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;

That, injur'd or offended, never tried

Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,

But by magnanimous disdain.

A wit that, temperately bright,

With inoffensive light

All pleasing shone; nor ever past

The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,

And sweet Benevolence's mild command,

And bashful Modesty, before it cast.

A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,

That nor too little nor too much believ'd,

That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,

And without weakness knew to be sincere.

Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,

Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,

In life's and glory's freshest bloom,

Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,

In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,

When now the wintery tempests all are fled,

And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,

The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:

From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,

On every bough the golden fruits are seen;

With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,

The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen.

But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,

A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,

Cold with perpetual snows:

The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may ev'n things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain:
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms,
 Were yielded to my arms,
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
 Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could
 raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me, every friend;
 Your kind assistance lend,
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each favourite author we together read
 My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII. We

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind :
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again ;
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain :
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind :
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke ! —
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay ;
 Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade;
 Was his most righteous will—and he that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?
 No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,

That

That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is every mortal bliss;
 Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
 There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his power e'er to divide you more.

V E R S E S,

MAKING PART OF

AN EPITAPH ON THE SAME LADY.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
 Though meek, magnanimous; though witty,
 wife;
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;

Her

Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

IV

H O R A C E . B O O K I V . O D E I V .

Written at Oxford 1725 *

" Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c."

I.

AS the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast;

III. Then

* First printed with Mr. West's translation of Pindar.
See the Preface to that gentleman's Poems.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to
Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical History.

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe ;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The scaly snake and crested dragon know :

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood :

V.

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight ;
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd ;
So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame ;

VII.

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire :
Their race by mettle brightly cousters prove ;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

VIII.

But education can the genius raise,
And wise instructions native virtue aid ;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
And Honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

IX. Let

IX.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,

Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess

How much of empire and of fame is ow'd

By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,

Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,

First shin'd on Latium with a milder ray,

And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

Since the dire African with wasteful ire

Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;

As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,

Or Eurus o'er the vast Sicilian sea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this prosperous field,

The Roman glory dates her rising power;

From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to wield,

Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:

" Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,

" Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,

" Whom to elude and 'scape were victory;

XIV.

" A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,

" Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore

" Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,

" Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore:

XV. " As

21 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

XV.

- " As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
" Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
" Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
" Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

XVI.

- " Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
" So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
" Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
" Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

- " Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
" Brighter she rises from the depths below:
" To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
" Recruits her strength, and foils the wondering foe.

XVIII.

- " No more of victory the joyful fame
" Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
" Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name!
" With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

XIX.

- " What shall the Claudian valour not perform,
" Which Power Divine guards with propitious care,
" Which Wisdom steers through all the dangerous storm,
" Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war?"

VIRTUE

79
VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to cross each other's way;
Said Virtue, "Hark ye! madam Fame,
"Your ladyship is much to blame;
"Jove bids you always wait on me,
"And yet your face I seldom see:
"The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
"And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
"Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
"Ambition ties you to her car."
Saith Fame, "Dear madam, I protest,
"I never find myself so blest
"As when I humbly wait behind you!
"But 'tis so mighty hard to find you!
In such obscure retreats you lurk!
"To seek you, is an endless work."
"Well," answer'd Virtue, "I allow
"Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
"I know (without offence to others)
"I know the best of wives and mothers;
"Who never pass'd an useless day
"In scandal, gossiping, or play:
"Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
"Is lively cheerful innocence;

"Whose

30 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

" Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
 " Whose duty is her sole delight;
 " Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
 " Her parents' joy, her husband's passion."
 " Fame smil'd, and answer'd, " On my life,
 " This is some country parson's wife,
 " Who never saw the court nor town,
 " Whose face is homely as her gown;
 " Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—" V
 " No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
 " I beg you'll let me set you right—
 " 'Tis one with every beauty bright;
 " Adorn'd with every polish'd art
 " That rank or fortune can impart;
 " 'Tis the most celebrated toast
 " That Britain's spacious isle can boast;
 " 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
 " 'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame."

ADDITION, EXTEMPORE,

BY EARL HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—strait replied,
 " First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
 " My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to sound
 " Her modest praise the world around!
 " But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
 " A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
 " Believe me, I can name but one,
 " A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton."

L E T.

[81]

L E T T E R
TO
EARL HARDWICKE:
OCCASIONED BY
THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A Thousand thanks to your Lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you chose to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The Muse, who, in my youthful days,
Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
She smil'd, and said, " Once more I see
" My fugitive returns to me ;
" Long had I lost you from my bower,
" You scorn'd to own my gentle power ;
" With me no more your genius sported,
" The grave historic Muse you courted ;
" Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes ;
" Pursued Urania through the skies ;

G

" But

" But now, to my forsaken track,
 " Fair Egremont has brought you back :
 " Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
 " That soft, that pleasing path, to tread ;
 " For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
 " Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
 " Lo ! to my flowery groves and springs
 " Her favourite son the goddess brings,
 " The council's and the senate's guide,
 " Law's oracle, the nation's pride :
 " He comes, he joys with thee to join,
 " In singing Wyndham's charms divine :
 " To thine he adds his nobler lays ;
 " Ev'n thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
 " Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
 " His fame with burgeses or with cit ;
 " For sure one line from such a Bard,
 " Virtue would think her best reward."

H Y M N T O E L I Z A.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
 This ode upon your wedding-day,
 The first indeed I ever made,
 For writing Odes is not my trade :
 My head is full of household cares,
 And necessary dull affairs ;
 Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
 Will put me into doleful dumps,

And

HYMN TO ELIZABETH

And then no clown beneath the sky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whose charms, I know not how,
Have power to smoothe my wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature stupid,
As brisk, and as alert, as Cupid.
These obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch shall brighter burn
Than when you first my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myself your lord,
But am (as witness this my hand)
Your humble servant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child let Hymen not beguile
You, who are such a judge of style,
To think that he these verses made,
Without an abler penman's aid;
Observe them well, you'll plainly see,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS
IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wondering ear
 Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
 Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
 According to seraphic voices, sung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Resume the lyre,
 Chauntress divine, and every Briton call
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
 More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
 The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
 Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
 Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
 Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
 Of — to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount EdgECumbe turn'd their eyes ;
 " That place is mine," great Neptune cries :
 " Behold ! how proud o'er all the main
 " Those stately turrets seem to reign !
 " No views so grand on earth you see !
 " The master too belongs to me :
 " I grant him my domain to share,
 " I bid his hand my trident bear."

" The sea is yours, but mine the land,"
 Pallas replies ; " by me were plann'd
 " Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
 " That fort, which crowns those island rocks :
 " The lady too is of my choir,
 " I taught her hand to touch the lyre ;
 " With every charm her mind I grac'd,
 " I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste."
 " Hold, madam," interrupted Venus,
 " The lady must be shar'd between us :
 " And surely mine is yonder grove,
 " So fine, so dark, so fit for love ;
 " Trees, such as in th' Idalian glade,
 " Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade."
 Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came ;
 Each Nymph alledg'd her lawful claim.

But Jove, to finish the debate,
Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate:
"Nor god nor goddes, great or small,
"That dwelling his or hers may call;
"I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

I N V I T A T I O N.

TO THE DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
To France and England Friendship bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which Envy's self disarms
Of jealous hatred: Come, and love
That nation which you now approve.
So shall by France amends be made
(If such a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with seducing art
From Britain stol'n her Hervey's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's
shore,
Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,

Think

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD. 89

Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
 From British fires deriv'd thy genius came:
 Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
 But the fair polish Gallia's slime bestow'd:
 The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
 They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
 To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir,
 And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
 Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask:
 Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
 In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
 To cloathe the spirit of the British lays.
 Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
 And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string,
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
 Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
 By pride unsullied, genuine dignity;
 A nobler and sublime simplicity.

83 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn :
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own ;
 And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE.

YE weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
 If, since your all-accomplish'd Sydney fell,
 You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
 A loss like that these plaintive lays record !
 Such spotless honour ; such ingenuous truth,
 Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth !
 So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
 To such heroic warmth and courage join'd :
 He too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
 For nobler war forsook her softer charms :
 Like him, possess'd of every pleasing art,
 The secret wish of every female's heart :
 Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
 He, unrepining, *for his country dy'd.*

ON CAPTAIN CORNWALL,

SLAIN OFF TOULON, 1743.

THOUGH Britain's genius hung her drooping
 head,
 And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled ;
 On that fam'd day, when France combin'd with Spain,
 Strove for the wide dominion of the main :

Yet,

ON CAPTAIN CORNWALL. 39

Yet, Cornwall ! all with general voice agree
To pay the tribute of applause to thee.
When his bold chief, in thickest fight engag'd,
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd ;
With indignation mov'd, he timely came,
To rescue from reproach his country's name ;
Success too dearly did his valour crown ;
He sav'd his leader's life, but lost his own.

ON GOOD HUMOUR. W

Written at EATON-SCHOOL, 1729. H

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, possess ?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes who spy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel ?
Hard is the question, for in all you please ;
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise ;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all must love.
This magic power can make ev'n folly please,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face. }

SOME

**SOME
ADDITIONAL STANZAS**

**TO
ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,
IN ARIOSTO.**

I.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
Orlando's wits had safely brought away;
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay;

II.

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,
Yet what was there inclos'd he could not see:
Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

III.

"A wondrous thing it is," the Saint replied,
"Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
"An airy essence, not to be descried,
"Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

"From earth each day in troops they hither come,
"And fill each hole and corner of the Moon;
"For they are never easy while at home,
"Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon.

V. "When

ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE, &c. 93

V.

" When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
" For fear they should evaporate again;
" And hard it is a prison to invent,
" So volatile a spirit to retain.

VI.

" Those that to young and wanton girls belong
" Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burst the
" glass;
" But those that have below been kept too long
" Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas!"

VII.

So spake the Saint, and wonder seiz'd the Knight,
As of each vessel he th' inscription read;
For various secrets there were brought to light;
Of which report on earth had nothing said.

VIII.

Virginities, that close confin'd he thought
In t' other world, he found above the sky;
His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,
Which made him swear, though good St. John
was by.

IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he espied
That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear;
" Ah, false and treacherous fugitive!" he cried,
" Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here.

X. " Did

LYTTELTON'S POEMS.

X.

" Did not thy owner, when we parted last,
" Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
" Scarce of our absence three short months are past,
" And thou already from thy post art flown.

XI.

" Be not enrag'd, replied th' Apostle kind —
" Since that this maidenhead is thine by right,
" Take it away; and, when thou hast a mind,
" Carry it *thither* whence it took its flight."

XII.

" Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous Knight,
" The Moon shall be no loser by your grace:
" Let me but have the use on 't for a night,
" And I 'll restore it to its present place."

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF
VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving scenes we find
What power the gods have to your sex assign'd:
Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not propt her sinking state:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;

But,

But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the subject main her towers she rears,
And stands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true,
In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

* "Hence may we learn, what passion fain would
"hide,

"That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied.

"Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,

"If angry Fortune on their union frown:

"Soon will the flattering dreams of joys be o'er,

"And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;

"Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,

"With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain;

And

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in "Advice to a Lady," p. 39; but, as Lord Lyttelton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

N.

94 LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

“ And that fond love, which should afford relief,
 “ Does but augment the anguish of their grief:
 “ While both could eaiser their own sorrows bear,
 “ Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.”

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
 Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
 On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
 And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
 May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
 Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,
 Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
 Whose fondness never may through care decay;
 Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
 And force each modest beauty into sight!
 So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
 No tempest crush the tender buds of joy;
 But all your hours in one gay circle move,
 Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!

E L E G Y.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
 And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove,
 Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
 The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
 Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
 To place some meaner idol in her shrine?
 O talk, for feeble Reason too severe!
 O lesson, nought could teach me but despair!

Must

Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight,
 They 've view'd so oft with languishing delight?
 Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming sound
 Seem'd to relieve, while it encreas'd, my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
 To the soft notes of elegant desire;
 Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
 Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
 Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine,
 'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

INSCRIPTION for a BUST of Lady SUFFOLK;
 Designed to be set up in a Wood at Stowe.

1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made:
 But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,
 IN HER SICKNESS.
 FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
 Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
 Alas! I only wish for health again,
 Because I think my lover shares my pain:
 For what would health avail to wretched me,
 If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

SULPI-

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
 Myself I torture, while the world I cheat:
 Though Prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
 Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame;
 Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
 Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
 Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;
 Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

In the Ninth Book of LUCAN.

(“ Quid queri, Labiene, jubes, &c.”)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire,
 Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine enquire?
 Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
 Or basely live, and be a king in Rome?
 If life be nothing more than death's delay;
 If impious force can honest minds dismay,
 Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain;
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
 And right dependant on itself alone,
 Gains no addition from success?—Tis known:
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Amazon cannot write them deeper there.

Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of th' Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd,
There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where-e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

TO MR. GLOVER;

ON HIS

POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

Go on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
 And think thy genius is thy country's due;
 To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
 But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song,
 Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
 The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
 Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
 By great examples drawn from better days:
 No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
 What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
 Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
 Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
 No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
 No social care, no labour for mankind,
 Where mean self-interest every action guides,
 In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
 Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
 And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
 Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
 Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
 Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people,

O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
 That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
 That suffers public wrongs and public shame,
 In council insolent, in action tame!
 Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
 Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
 Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
 Her trade to guard, her harraisd poor to spare?
 Is it, like honest Somers, to inspire
 The love of laws, and Freedom's sacred fire?
 Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
 The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
 Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
 Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?
 On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
 With partial wantonness, the golden shower,
 And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
 An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
 Rouze, Britons, rouze! if sense of shame be weak,
 Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
 Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
 Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
 Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
 A calm spectatress of the general fate;
 Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
 Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
 O let us seize the moment in our power,
 Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
 No later term the angry gods ordain;
 This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

H 2

And

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
 The native majesty of freedom shines,
 Accept this friendly praise ; and let me prove
 My heart not wholly void of public love ;
 Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
 To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
 But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
 With tender trifles soothe some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQUIRE,

ON HIS

LOSING HIS COMMISSION,

In the Year 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
 Far, far superior to a Cornet's name ;
 This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
 So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
 The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
 He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

P R O L O G U E
T O
THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.
SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
 For scenes, whose author is, alas ! no more ;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead ;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confin'd,
 No sect — alike it flow'd to all mankind.
 He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear :
 'Alas ! I feel, I am no actor here)
 He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
 Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
 No words can speak it ; but our tears may tell. —
 O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
 O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
 O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
 Where will you find another breast like his ?
 Such was the man — the poet well you know :
 Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe :
 Oft in this crouded house, with just applause,
 You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws ;
 For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
 None but the noblest passions to inspire,

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:

Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.

Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,

With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart;

If to those friends your kind regard shall give,
What they no longer can from him receive;

That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

EPILOGUE

TO

LILLO'S ELMERICK.

YOU, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd, unbias'd, sit,
The *palatines* and guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play
No useful sense, no generous warmth convey;
If *fustian* here, through each unnatural scene,
In *strain'd conceits* sound high, and nothing mean;
If *lofty dullness* for your vengeance call:
Like *Elmerick* judge, and let the guilty fall.

But

But if simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire;
If, like the action which these scenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If master-strokes the nobler passions move;
Then, like the king, acquit us, and approve.

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY,

I. On a VIEW from an ALCOVE,

----- VIRIDANTIA TEMPE!
TEMPE, QVAE SYLVAE CINGVNT SUPERIMPEN-
DENTES.

II. On a ROCKY FANCY SEAT.

----- EGO LAVDO RVRIS AMOENI,
RIVOS, ET MVSCO CIRCVMLITA SAXA NEMVSQVE.

III.

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQUIRE;
IN WHOSE VERSES
WERE ALL THE NATURAL GRACES,
AND IN WHOSE MANNERS
WAS ALL THE AMIABLE SIMPLICITY,
OF PASTORAL POETRY,
WITH THE SWEET TENDERNESS
OF THE ELEGIAC.

H 4

IV. On

IV. On the Pedestal of an URN *,

ALEXANDRO POPE;

POETARVM ANGLICANORVM

ELEGANTISSIMO DULCISSIMOQVE;

VIRORVM CASTIGATORI ACERRIMO,

SAPIENTIAE DOCTORI SVAVISSIMO,

SACRA ESTO.

ANN. DOM. MDCCXLIV.

V. On a BENCH.

LIBET IACERE MODO SVB ANTIQVA ILICE,

MODO IN TENACE GRAMINE;

LABVNTVR ALTIS INTERIM RIVIS AQVAE;

QVAERVNTVR IN SYLVIS AVES:

PENTESQVE LYMPHIS OBSTREPVT MANANTIBVS

SOMNOS QVOD INVITET LEVES.

VI. On THOMSON'S SEAT †.

INGENIO IMMORTALI

IACOBI THOMSON,

POETAE SVBLIMIS,

VIRI BONI;

AEDICVLAM HANC, QVEM VIVVS DILEXIT,

POST MORTEM EIVS CONSTRUCTAM,

DICAT DEDICATQVE

GEORGIUS LYTTELTON.

* A Doric portico in another part of the park is honoured with the name of "Pope's Building," and inscribed, QUIETI ET MVSIS.

† A very handsome and well-finished building, in an octagonal line.

CONTENTS

C O N T E N T S

O F

LYTTTELTON'S POEMS,

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE. In Four Eclogues.

- | | |
|---|--------|
| I. Uncertainty. To Mr. Pope, - - - | Page 3 |
| II. Hope. To Mr. Doddington, - - - | 6 |
| III. Jealousy. To Mr. Edward Walpole, - - | 10 |
| IV. Possession. To Lord Cobham, - - - | 14 |

Soliloquy of a Beauty in the country. Written at
Eaton School, - - - - - 17

Blenheim. Written at the University of Oxford, in
the Year 1727, - - - - - 19

To the Reverend Dr. Ayscough, at Oxford. Writ-
ten from Paris in the Year 1728, - - - 25

To Mr. Poyntz, Ambassador at the Congress of
Soissons, in 1728. Written at Paris, - - 30

Verfes to be written under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz, 33

An Epistle to Mr. Pope. From Rome, 1730. 34

To Lord Hervey, in the Year 1730. From Wor-
cestershire, - - - - - 37

Advice to a Lady. 1731. - - - - - 39

Song.

Song. Written in the Year 1732,	-	Page 44
Song. Written in the Year 1733,	-	45
Damon and Delia. In Imitation of Horace and Lydia. Written in the Year 1732,	-	47
Ode, in Imitation of Pastor Fido. Written Abroad in 1729,	-	49
Parts of an Elegy of Tibullus. Translated 1729-30,	-	50
Song. Written in the Year 1732,	-	53
Verses written at Mr. Pope's House at Twicken- ham, which he had lent to Mrs. Greville. In August, 1735.	-	53
Epigram,	-	54
To Mr. West, at Wickham. Written in the Year 1740,	-	ibid.
To Miss Lucy Fortescue,	-	55
To the same; with Hammond's Elegies,	-	ibid.
To the same,	-	56
To the same,	-	ibid.
A Prayer to Venus, in her Temple at Stowe. To the same,	-	57
To the same. On her pleading Want of Time,	-	58
To the same,	-	59
To the same,	-	60
To the same; with a new Watch;	-	61
An Irregular Ode. Written at Wickham in 1746.	-	
To the same,	-	ibid.
To the Memory of the same Lady. A Monody.	-	
A. D. 1747,	-	63
		Verses,

C O N T E N T S.

107

Verſes, making Part of an Epitaph on the ſame	
Lady, - - - - -	Page 74
Horace. Book IV. Ode IV. Written at Oxford	
1725, - - - - -	75
Virtue and Fame. To the Counteſs of Egremont,	79
Addition, extempore, by Earl Hardwicke,	80
Letter to Earl Hardwicke; occaſioned by the fore-	
going verſes, - - - - -	81
Hymn to Eliza, - - - - -	82
On reading Miſs Carter's Poems in Manuſcript,	84
Mount Edgecumbe, - - - - -	85
Invitation. To the Dowager Duchefs D'Aiguillon,	86
To Colonel Drumgold, - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaph on Captain Grenville, - - - - -	88
On Captain Cornwall, ſlain off Toulon, 1743,	ibid.
On Good Humour. Written at Eaton-School,	
1729, - - - - -	89
Some Additional Stanzas to Aſtolfo's Voyage to the	
Moon, in Arioſto, - - - - -	90
To a Young Lady. With the Tragedy of Venice	
Preſerved, - - - - -	92
Elegy, - - - - -	94
Inſcription for a Buſt of Lady Suffolk; deſigned	
to be ſet up in a Wood at Stowe, 1732, - -	95
Sulpicia to Cerinthus, in her Sickneſs. From Ti-	
bullus. (Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name)	ib.
Sulpicia to Cerinthus, - - - - -	96
Cato's Speech to Labienus, in the Ninth Book of	
Lucan, - - - - -	ibid.
To	

To Mr. Glover, on the Poem of Leonidas.

Written in the year 1734, - - - Page 98

To William Pitt, Esq; on his losing his Commis-
sion, in the Year 1736, - - - 100

Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus, spoken by

Mr. Quin, - - - 101

Epilogue to Lillo's Elmerick, - - - 102

Inscriptions at Hagley, - - - 103, 104

4 AP 54

O D E S

O D E S

O F

P I N D A R,

WITH SEVERAL OTHER

PIECES IN VERSE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

ORIGINAL POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By GILBERT WEST, Esq; LL. D.

“ Res antiquæ laudis & artis

“ Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.”

VIRG. Georg. ii.

OLD ENGLISH

P. I. N. D. A. R.

WITH SEVERAL OTHER

PIECES IN VERSE

TRANSLATED FROM THE



ORIGINALS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ. M.D.

"Respectfully inscribed to the
"Inscribed, inscribed and inscribed to the
"The Great Hall, London, 1753."

T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

W I L L I A M P I T T, Esq.

Paymaster-General of his Majesty's Forces,
One of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council;

And to the HONOURABLE

SIR GEORGE LYTTTELTON, BART.

One of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury;

T H E S E P O E M S

Are inscribed by the Author ;

Who is desirous that the Friendship,

With which they have for many Years honoured him;

And the sincere Affection and high Esteem,

Which he hath conceived for them,

From a long and intimate Knowledge

of their Worth and Virtue,

May be known

Wherever the Publication of the ensuing Pieces

Shall make known the Name of

GILBERT WEST,

GILBERT WEST.

Shall make known the Name of

Whichever the Publication of the ensuing Pieces

May be known

of their Worth and Virtue

From a long and intimate Knowledge

Which he had for them

And the first High Esteem

With which the public have honoured him

Who is his Friend

Are inscribed by the Author

THESE POEMS

One of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury

SIR GEORGE LYTTLETON BART.

And to the Honorable

One of his Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council

Paymaster-General of his Majesty's Forces

WILLIAM PITTS, Esq.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

TO

P R E F A C E.

OF all the great Writers of Antiquity, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as few have obtained a larger and fairer portion of fame after death, than Pindar. Pausanias tells us, that the character of Poet was really and truly consecrated in his person, by the God of Poets himself *, who was pleased by an exprefs oracle to order the inhabitants of Delphi to set apart for Pindar one half of the first-fruit offerings brought by the religious to his shrine; and to allow him a place in his temple; where in an iron chair he was used to sit and sing his hymns, in honour of that God. This chair was remaining in the time of † Pausanias (several hundred years after) to whom it was shewn as a relick not unworthy the sanctity and magnificence of that holy place. Pan ‡ likewise, another Musical Divinity, is reported to have skipped and jumped for joy, while the Nymphs were dancing in honour of the birth of this Prince of Lyrick Poetry; and to have been afterwards so much delighted with his compositions, as to have sung his Odes in the hearing even of the Poet himself §. Unhappily for us, and indeed for Pindar, those parts of his works, which procured him these extraordinary testimonies from the Gods (or from Mortals rather, who by the invention

* Paus. in Boeot.

† Paus. in Phoc.

‡ Philostratus in Icon.

§ Plut. in Numa.

of these fables meant only to express the high opinion they entertained of this great Poet) are all lost: I mean his Hymns to the several Deities of the Heathen World. And even of those writings, to which his less extravagant, but more serious and more lasting glory is owing, only the least, and, according to some people, the worst part is now remaining. These are his Odes inscribed to the Conquerors in the Four sacred Games of Greece. By these Odes therefore are we now left to judge of the merit of Pindar, as they are the only living evidences of his character.

Among the moderns * those men of learning of the truest taste and judgment, who have read and considered the writings of this Author in their original language, have all agreed to confirm the great character given of him by the Ancients. And to such who are still able to examine Pindar himself, I shall leave him to stand or fall by his own merit; only bespeaking their candour in my own behalf, if they should think it worth their while to peruse the following translations of some of his Odes: which I here offer chiefly to the English reader, to whom alone I desire to address a few considerations, in order to prepare him to form a right judgment, and indeed to have any relish of the Compositions of this great Lyrick Poet, who notwithstanding

* See Abbé Fraguier's Character of Pindar, printed in the 3d Vol. of Memoires de l' Academie Royale, &c. and Kennet's Life of Pindar, in the Lives of the Greek Poets.

ing must needs appear before him under great disadvantages.

To begin with removing some prejudices against this Author, that have arisen from certain writings known by the name of Pindarick Odes ; I must insist that very few, which I remember to have read under that title, not excepting even those written by the admired Mr. Cowley, whose wit and fire first brought them into reputation, have the least resemblance to the manner of the Author, whom they pretend to imitate, and from whom they derive their Name ; or, if any, it is such a resemblance only as is expressed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted likeness. This observation has been already made by Mr. Congreve in his Preface * to two admirable Odes, written professedly in imitation of Pindar ; and I may add, so much in his true manner and spirit, that he ought by all means to be excepted out of the number of those who have brought this author into discredit by pretending to resemble him.

Neither has Mr. Cowley, though he drew from the life, given a much truer picture of Pindar in the Translations he made of two of his Odes. I say not this to detract from Mr. Cowley, whose genius, perhaps, was not inferior to that of Pindar himself, or either of those other two great Poets, Horace and Virgil, whose names have been bestowed upon him, but chiefly to apologize for my having ventured to translate the same Odes ; and to prepare the Reader for

* Preserved in the present collection.

the wide difference he will find between many parts of *his* Translations and *mine*.

Mr. Cowley and his Imitators (for all the Pindarick Writers since his time have only mimicked him, while they fancied they were imitating Pindar) have fallen themselves, and by their examples have led the world, into two mistakes with regard to the character of Pindar: both which are pointed out by Mr. Congreve in the Preface above-mentioned, and in the following words:

“ The character of these late Pindaricks is a bundle
 “ of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like
 “ parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of
 “ such another complication of disproportioned, un-
 “ certain, and perplexed verses and rhymes. And
 “ I appeal to any Reader, if this is not the condition
 “ in which these titular Odes appeared.

“ On the contrary (adds he) there is nothing more
 “ regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the
 “ exact observation of the measures and numbers of
 “ his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence
 “ of his thoughts: for though his digressions are fre-
 “ quent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever
 “ some secret connexion, which, though not always
 “ appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate it-
 “ self to the understanding of the reader.”

Upon these two points, namely, the regularity of measure in Pindar's Odes, and the connexion of his thoughts, I shall beg leave to make a few observations.

These

These Odes were all composed to be sung by a Chorus, either at the entertainments given by the Conquerors (to whom they were inscribed) or their friends, on account of their victories, or at the solemn sacrifices made to the Gods upon those occasions. They consist generally of three stanzas, of which the following account was communicated to me by a learned and ingenious Friend.

“ Besides what is said of the Greek Ode in the Scholiast upon Pindar, I find (says he) the following passage in the Scholia on Hephæstion; it is the very last paragraph of those Scholia.”

The passage cited by him is in Greek, instead of which I shall insert the Translation of it in English.

You must know that the Ancients (in their Odes) framed two larger stanzas, and one less; the first of the larger stanzas they called Strophé, singing it on their festivals at the altars of the Gods, and dancing at the same time. The second they called Antistrophé, in which they inverted the dance. The lesser stanza was named the Epode, which they sung standing still. The Strophé, as they say, denoted the motion of the higher Sphere, the Antistrophé that of the Planets, the Epode the fixed station and repose of the Earth.

“ From this passage it appears evident that these Odes were accompanied with dancing; and that they danced one way while the Strophé was singing, and then danced back again while the Antistrophé was sung: Which shews why those two Parts consisted of the same length and measure; then, when

“ the Dancers were returned to the place whence they
 “ set out, before they renewed the dance they stood
 “ still while the Epode was sung.

“ If the same persons both danced and sung, when
 “ we consider how much breath is required for a full
 “ Song, perhaps one may incline to think, that the
 “ Strophé and Antistrophé partook something of the
 “ Recitative manner, and that the Epode was the
 “ more compleat Air.

“ There is a passage in the ancient Grammarian,
 “ Marius Victorinus, which is much to the same pur-
 “ pose as this above, though he does not distinctly
 “ speak of dancing. The passage is this :

“ Pleraque Lyricorum carminum, quæ versu, co-
 “ llique & commatibus componuntur, ex Strophé,
 “ Antistrophé, & Epodo, ut Græci appellant, ordinata
 “ subsistunt. Quorum ratio talis est. Antiqui Deo-
 “ rum laudes carminibus comprehensas, circum aras
 “ eorum euntes canebant. Cujus primum ambitum,
 “ quem ingrediebantur ex parte dextrâ, Strophén
 “ vocabant; reversionem autem sinistrosam factam,
 “ completo priore orbe, Antistrophén appellabant.
 “ Deinde in conspectu Deorum soliti consistere cantici,
 “ reliqua consequebantur, appellantes id Epodon.

“ The Writers I have quoted speak only of Odes,
 “ sung in the temples : but Demetrius Triclinius,
 “ upon the measures of Sophocles, says the same
 “ thing upon the Odes of the Tragick Chorus.

“ What the Scholiast upon Hephæstion, cited above,
 “ adds about the Heavenly Motions, &c. is also said
 “ by

" by Victorinus, and by Demetrius Triclinius, and
 " likewise by the Scholiast on Pindar. Yet I consider
 " this in no other light, than I do the fantastical con-
 " ceits with which the Writers on Music abound.
 " Ptolemy, out of his three Books of Harmonics,
 " employs one almost entirely upon comparing the
 " principles of Music with the motions of the Planets,
 " the faculties of the mind, and other such ridiculous
 " imaginations. And Aristides Quintilianus, sup-
 " posed an older Author, is full of the same fooleries.
 " Marius Victorinus has another scheme also, viz.
 " that the dancing forwards and backwards was in-
 " vented by Theseus, in memory of the labyrinth
 " out of which he escaped. But all this is taking
 " much unnecessary pains to account why, when
 " Dancers have gone as far as they can one way,
 " they should return back again; or at least not dance
 " in the same circle till they are giddy."

Such was the structure of the Greek Ode, in which
 the Strophé and the Antistrophé, i. e. the first and
 second stanzas, contained always the same number and
 the same kind of verses. The Epode was of a differ-
 ent length and measure; and if the Ode ran out into
 any length, it was always divided into Triplets of
 stanzas, the two first being constantly of the same length
 and measure, and all the Epodes in like manner cor-
 responding exactly with each other: from all which
 the regularity of this kind of compositions is sufficiently
 evident. There are indeed some Odes, which consist
 of Strophés, and Antistrophés without any Epode;

and others which are made up of Strophés only, of different lengths and measures. But the greatest number of Pindar's Odes are of the first kind.

I have in the translation retained the names of Strophé and Antistrophé, on purpose to imprint the more strongly on the Mind of the English reader, the exact regularity observed by Pindar in the structure of his Odes; and have even followed his example in one, which in the original consists only of two Strophés.

Another charge against Pindar relates to the supposed wildness of his imagination, his extravagant digressions, and sudden transitions, which leads me to consider the second point, viz. the *connexion of his thoughts*. Upon which I shall say but little in this place, having endeavoured to point out the *connexion*, and account for many of the *digressions*, in my Arguments and Notes * to the several Odes which I have translated. Here therefore I shall only observe in general, that whoever imagines the *victories* and *praises* of the Conquerors are the proper *subjects* of the Odes inscribed to them, will find himself mistaken. These *victories* indeed gave occasion to these songs of triumph, and are therefore constantly taken notice of by the Poet, as are also any particular and remarkable circumstances relating to *them*, or to the lives and characters of the Conquerors themselves: but, as such circumstances could rarely furnish out matter sufficient for an Ode of any length, so would it have been an indecency unknown to the civil

* See p. 122.

civil equality and freedom, as well as to the simplicity of the age in which Pindar lived, to have filled a poem intended to be sung in public, and even at the altars of the gods, with the praises of one man only; who, besides, was often no otherwise considerable, but as the victory which gave occasion to the Ode had made him. For these reasons, the Poet, in order to give his poem its due extent, was obliged to have recourse to other circumstances, arising either from the family or country of the Conqueror, from the Games in which he had come off victorious, or from the particular deities who had any relation to the occasion, or in whose temples the Ode was intended to be sung. All these, and many other particulars, which the reading the Odes of Pindar may suggest to an attentive observer, gave hints to the Poet, and led him into those frequent digressions, and quick transitions; which it is no wonder should appear to us at this distance of time and place both extravagant and unaccountable.

Upon the whole, I am persuaded that whoever will consider the Odes of Pindar with regard to the manners and customs of the age in which they were written, the occasions which gave birth to them, and the places in which they were intended to be recited, will find little reason to censure Pindar for want of order and regularity in the plans of his compositions. On the contrary, perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him, for raising so many beauties from such trivial hints, and for kindling, as he sometimes does, so great a flame from a single spark, and with so little fuel.

There

There is still another prejudice against Pindar, which may arise in the minds of those people who are not thoroughly acquainted with ancient History, and who may therefore be apt to think meanly of Odes, inscribed to a set of Conquerors, whom possibly they may look upon only as so many Prize-fighters and Jockeys. To obviate this prejudice, I have prefixed to my translation of Pindar's Odes a Dissertation * on the Olympick Games: in which the reader will see what kind of persons these Conquerors were, and what was the nature of those famous Games; of which every one, who has but just looked into the history of Greece, must know enough to desire to be better acquainted with them. The collection is as full as I have been able to make it, assisted by the labours of a learned Frenchman, Pierre du Faur, who, in his Book intituled *Agonisticon*, hath gathered almost every thing that is mentioned in any of the Greek or Latin Writers relating to the Grecian Games, which he has thrown together in no very clear order; as is observed by his Countryman *Monf. Burette*, who hath written several pieces on the subject of the *Gymnastick Exercises*, inserted in the Second Volume of "*Memoires de l'Academie Royale, &c.*" printed at Amsterdam, 1719. In this Dissertation I have endeavoured to give a complete History of the Olympick Games: of which kind there

* For this Dissertation, and the learned Author's copious notes in the following Odes, we must refer the curious reader to the work at large, N.

there is not, that I know of, any treatise now extant; those written upon this subject by some of the Ancients being all lost, and not being supplied by any learned Modern, at least not so fully as might have been done, and as so considerable an article of the Grecian Antiquities seemed to demand. As I flatter myself that even the learned Reader will in this Dissertation meet with many points which have hitherto escaped his notice, and much light reflected from thence upon the Odes of Pindar in particular, as well as upon many passages in other Greek Writers, I shall rather desire him to excuse those errors and defects which he may happen to discover in it, than apologize for the length of it.

Having now removed the chief prejudices and objections which have been too long and too generally entertained against the Writings of Pindar, I need say but little of his real character, as the principal parts of it may be collected from the very faults imputed to him; which are indeed no other than the excesses of great and acknowledged beauties, such as a poetical imagination, a warm and enthusiastic genius, a bold and figurative expression, and a concise and sententious stile. These are the characteristical beauties of Pindar; and to these his greatest blemishes, generally speaking, are so near allied, that they have sometimes been mistaken for each other. I cannot however help observing, that he is so entirely free from any thing like the far-fetched thoughts, the witty extravagances,
and

and puerile *conceits* of Mr. Cowley and the rest of his Imitators, that I cannot recollect so much as even a single *antithesis* in all his Odes.

Longinus indeed confesses, that Pindar's flame is sometimes extinguished, and that he now and then sinks unexpectedly and unaccountably; but he prefers him, with all his faults, to a Poet who keeps on in one constant tenour of mediocrity, and who, though he seldom falls very low, yet never rises to those astonishing heights, which sometimes make the head even of a great Poet giddy, and occasion those slips which they at the same time excuse.

But, notwithstanding all that has or can be said in favour of Pindar, he must still appear, as I before observed, under great disadvantages, especially to the English Reader. Much of this fire, which formerly warmed and dazzled all Greece, must necessarily be lost even in the best Translation. Besides, to say nothing of many Beauties peculiar to the Greek, which cannot be expressed in English, and perhaps not in any other language, there are in these Odes so many references to secret history, so many allusions to persons, things, and places, now altogether unknown, and which, were they known, would very little interest or affect the Reader, and withal such a mixture of Mythology and Antiquity, that I almost despair of their being relished by any, but those who have, if not a great deal of *classical learning*, yet somewhat at least of an *antique and classical taste*.

Every

Every Reader, however, may still find in Pindar something to make amends for the loss of those beauties, which have been set at too great a distance, and in some places worn off and obliterated by time; namely, a great deal of good sense, many wise reflections, and many moral sentences, together with a due regard to religion; and from hence he may be able to form to himself some idea of Pindar as a Man, though he should be obliged to take his character as a Poet from others.

But that he may not for this rely altogether upon my opinion, I shall here produce the testimonies of two great Poets, whose excellent writings are sufficient evidences both of their taste and judgment. The first was long and universally admired, and is still as much regretted, by the present age: the latter, who wrote about seventeen hundred years ago, was the delight and ornament of the politest and most learned age of Rome. And though even to him, Pindar, who lived some centuries before him, must have appeared under some of the disadvantages above-mentioned, yet *he* had the opportunity of seeing all his works which were extant in his time, and of which he hath given a sort of catalogue, together with their several characters: an advantage which the *former* wanted, who must therefore be understood to speak only of those Odes which are now remaining. And indeed he alludes to those only, in the following passage of his "Temple of Fame." *Pope's Works, small Edit. Vol. III. p. 17. ver. 210.*

- " Four Swans* sustain a car of silver bright,
 " With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
 " Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 " And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 " Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 " And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
 " The figur'd Games of Greece the column grace,
 " Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race:
 " The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 " The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
 " The champions in distorted postures threat;
 " And all appear'd irregularly great."

The other Passage is from Horace, lib. IV. Ode ii.
viz.

" Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c."

which, for the benefit of the English Reader, I have thus translated :

He, who aspires to reach the towering height
 Of matchless Pindar's heaven-ascending strain,
 Shall sink, unequal to the arduous flight,
 Like him, who falling nam'd th' Icarian main;

Pre-

* *Four Swans sustain, &c.*] Pindar, being seated in a Chariot, alludes to the Horse-races he celebrated in the Grecian Games. The swans are emblems of poetry; their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian Games. This note is of the same Author.

Presumptuous youth! to tempt forbidden skies!
And hope above the clouds on *waxen* plumes to rise!

Pindar, like some fierce torrent swoln with showers,
Or sudden cataracts of melting snow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,
With desultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable song.

The Delphick laurel ever sure to gain;
Whether with lawless Dithyrambick rage
Wild and tumultuous flows the sounding strain;
Or in more order'd verse sublimely sage
To Gods and Sons of Gods his lyre he strings,
And of fierce Centaurs slain, and dire Chimæra sings;

Or whether Pisa's Victors be his theme,
The valiant champion and the rapid steed;
Who from the banks of Alpheus, sacred stream,
Triumphant bear Olympia's olive meed;
And from their Bard receive the tuneful boon,
Richer than sculptur'd brass, or imitating stone.

Or whether with the widow'd mourner's tear,
He mingles soft his Elegiac song;
With Dorian strains to deck th' untimely bier
Of some disastrous bridegroom fair and young;
Whose virtues, in his deifying lays,
Through the black gloom of death with star-like
radiance blaze.

When

When to the clouds, along th' æthereal plain,
 His airy way the Theban Swan pursues,
 Strong rapid gales his sounding plumes sustain:
 While, wondering at his flight, my timorous Muse
 In short excursions tires her feeble wings,
 And in sequester'd shades and flowery gardens sings.

There, like the bee, that, from each odorous bloom,
 Each fragrant offspring of the dewy field,
 With painful art, extracts the rich perfume,
 Solicitous her honied dome to build,
 Exerting all her industry and care,
 She toils with humble sweets her meaner verse to rear.

The remainder of this Ode has no relation to the present subject, and is therefore omitted.

The following Collection of Poems (to borrow the metaphor made use of by Horace) consists wholly of sweets, drawn from the rich and flowery fields of Greece. And if in these Translations any of the native spirit and fragrancy of the Originals shall appear to be transfused, I shall content myself with the humble merit of the little laborious insect above-mentioned. But I must not here omit acquainting the Reader, that among these, immediately after the Odes of Pindar, is inserted a translation of an Ode * of Horace, done by a Gen-

* This Ode, in full conformity to Mr. West's intention, is still (though restored to its proper writer) preserved in the present volume. See above p. 75. N.

S T R O P H E I

CHIEF of Nature's works divine,
 Water claims the highest praise:
 Richest offspring of the mine,
 Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays
 From afar conspicuous gleam
 Through the night's involving cloud,
 First in lustre and esteem,
 Decks the treasures of the proud:
 So among the lists of fame
 Pifa's honour'd games excell;
 Then to Pifa's glorious name
 Tune, O Muse, thy sounding shell.

A N T I S T R O P H E I

Who along the desert air
 Seeks the faded starry train,
 When the sun's meridian car
 Round illumines th' æthereal plain?
 Who a nobler theme can chuse
 Than Olympiæ's sacred Games?
 What more apt to fire the Muse,
 When her various songs she frames?
 Songs in strains of wisdom drest
 Great Saturnius to record,
 And by each rejoicing guest
 Sung at Hiero's feastful board.

E P O D E I.

In pastoral Sicilia's fruitful soil
 The righteous sceptre of imperial power
 Great Hiero wielding, with illustrious toil
 Plucks every blooming virtue's fairest flower,
 His royal splendour to adorn:
 Nor doth his skilful hand refuse
 Acquaintance with the tuneful Muse,
 When round the mirthful board the harp is borne.

S T R O P H E II.

Down then from the glittering nail
 Take, O Muse, thy Dorian lyre;
 If the love of Pisa's vale
 Pleasing transports can inspire;
 Or the rapid-footed steed
 Could with joy thy bosom move,
 When, unwhipp'd, with native speed
 O'er the dusty course he drove;
 And where deck'd with olives flows,
 Alpheus, thy immortal flood,
 On his lord's triumphant brows
 The Olympick wreath bestow'd:

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

Hiero's royal brows, whose care
 Tends the courser's noble breed;
 Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant mare,
 Pleas'd to train the youthful steed.

Now

ODES OF PINDAR.

“Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ.”
VIRG. Georg. l. iii.

THE FIRST OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Syracuse, who, in the Seventy-third Olympiad, obtained the Victory in the Race of Single Horses.

A R G U M E N T.

THE subject of this Ode being a victory obtained by Hiero in the Olympick Games, Pindar set out with shewing the superiority and pre-eminence of those Games over all others; among which, he says, they hold the same rank, as Water (which, according to the opinion of Thales and other Philosophers, was the original of all things) among the elements, and Gold among the gifts of Fortune. Wherefore, continues he, O my heart, if thou art inclined to sing of Games, it would be as absurd to think of any other but the Olympick Games,

Games, as to look for stars in the sky when the sun is shining in his meridian glory; especially as all the Guests at Hiero's table (among which number it is not improbable that Pindar was one at this time) are singing Odes upon that subject. From the mention of Hiero, he falls into a short panegyrick upon his virtues, and then passes to what gave occasion to this Ode, *viz.* his Olympick victory; under which head he makes honourable mention of his horse Phrenicus (for that was his name), who gained the victory, and spread his master's glory as far as Pisa, or Olympia, the ancient residence of Pelops the son of Tantalus; into a long account of whom he digresses; and ridiculing, as absurd and impious, the story of his having been cut in pieces by his father Tantalus, boiled and served up at an entertainment given by him to the gods, relates another story, which he thought more to the honour both of Pelops and the Gods. This relation he concludes with the account of Pelops vanquishing Oenomaus, king of Pisa, in the chariot-race, and by that victory gaining his daughter Hippodamia, settling at Pisa, and being there honoured as a God. From this relation the Poet falls again naturally into an account of the Olympick Games, and, after a short reflection upon the felicity of those who gained the Olympick crown, returns to the praises of Hiero; with which, and some occasional reflections on the prosperity of Hiero, to whom he wishes a continuance of his good fortune and a long reign, he closes his Ode.

S T R O-

ODE ON WEST'S PINDAR, 131

I. 3.

Away, enervate Bards, away,
Who spin the courtly, silken lay,
* As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,
Or mourn some soft Adonis dead :
No more your polish'd Lyricks boast,
In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and lost :
As well might ye compare
The glimmerings of a waxen flame
(Emblem of Verse correctly tame)
† To his own Ætna's sulphur-spouting caves,
When to Heaven's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart through the trou-
bled air.

II. 1.

In roaring Cataracts down Andes' channel'd steeps
Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps !
Monarch of mighty Floods ! supremely strong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills' collected snows :
Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
Where still the naked Indian roves,
And safely builds his leafy bower,
From slavery far, and curst Iberian power ;

K 2

II. 2. So

* Alluding to the French and Italian Lyrick Poets.

† See 1 Pyth. Od.

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O Parent of the Lyre,
 Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire!
 O ancient Greece, but chief the Bard whose lays
 The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze;
 And next Euripides, soft pity's priest,
 Who melts in useful Woes the bleeding breast;
 And him, who paints th' incestuous king,
 Whose soul amaze and horror wring;
 Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
 The richest banquet of th' enraptur'd mind:

II. 3.

For the blest man, the Muse's child*,
 On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
 Whose soul she form'd of purer fire,
 For whom she tun'd a golden lyre,
 Seeks not in fighting fields renown:
 No widows' midnight shrieks, nor burning town,
 The peaceful Poet please:
 Nor ceaseless toils for sordid gains,
 Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
 Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor statesman's
 schemes,
 Nor all deceiv'd ambition's feverish dreams,
 Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of ease.

* Hor. lib. IV. Od. iii.

a Gentleman, the peculiar excellence of whose genius hath often revealed what his modesty would have kept a secret. And to this I might have trusted to inform the world, that the Translation I am now speaking of, though inserted amongst mine, was not done by me, were I not desirous of testifying the pride and pleasure I take in seeing, in this and some other instances, his admirable pieces blended and joined with mine; an evidence and emblem at the same time of that friendship, which hath long subsisted between us, and which I shall always esteem a singular felicity and honour to myself.

The Authors, from whom the other pieces are translated, are so well known, that I need say nothing of them in this place; neither shall I detain the Reader with any farther account of the translations themselves, than only to acquaint him, that I translated the Dramatic Poem of Lucian upon the Gout, when I was myself under an attack of that incurable distemper, which I mention by way of excuse; and that all the other pieces, excepting only the Hymn of Cleanthes, were written many years ago, at a time when I read and wrote, like most other people, for amusement only. If the Reader finds they give any to him, I shall be very glad of it; for it is doing some service to human society, *to amuse innocently*; and they know very little of human nature, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the exercise of its duties, or in high and important meditations.

O D E

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. WEST'S TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

By the Reverend Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

I. 1.

ALBION, exult! thy sons a voice divine have heard,
 The Map of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd!
 Hark! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire,
 The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre;
 The sounds that echoed on Alphéus' streams,
 Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames;
 Lo! swift across the dusty plain
 Great Theron's foaming coursers strain!
 What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
 Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping art,
 Nor touch, nor can transport th' unfeeling heart;
 Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
 With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms;
 When freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
 The patriot-passions beat in every vein:
 We long to sit with heroes old,
 'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
 * Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
 And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

I. 3. Away,

* See 2 Olymp. Od.

ANTISTROPHE VII.

No more worthy of her lay

Can the Muse a mortal find;

Greater in imperial sway,

Richer in a virtuous mind;

Heaven, O king, with tender care

Waits thy wishes to fulfil.

Then ere long will I prepare,

Plac'd on Chronium's sunny hill,

Thee in sweeter verse to praise,

Following thy victorious steeds;

If to prosper all thy ways

Still thy Guardian God proceeds.

EPODE VII.

Fate hath in various stations rank'd mankind;

In royal power the long gradations end.

By that horizon prudently confin'd,

Let not thy hopes to farther views extend.

Long may'st thou wear the regal crown!

And may thy Bard his wish receive,

With thee, and such as thee to live,

Around his native Greece for wisdom known!

THE SECOND OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, who came off Conqueror in the Race of Chariots drawn by four Horses, in the Seventy-seventh Olympiad.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet, in answer to the question, What God, what Hero, and what Mortal he should sing (with which words this Ode immediately begins) having named Jupiter and Hercules, not only as the first of gods and heroes, but as they were peculiarly related to his subject; the one being the Protector, and the other the Founder of the Olympick Games; falls directly into the praises of Theron: by this method artfully insinuating, that Theron held the same rank among all mortals, as the two former did among the gods and heroes. In enumerating the many excellencies of Theron, the Poet having made mention of the nobility of his family (a topick seldom or never omitted by Pindar) takes occasion to lay before him the various accidents and vicissitudes of human life, by instances drawn from the history of his own ancestors, the founders of Agrigentum; who, it seems, underwent many difficulties, before they could build, and settle themselves in that city; where afterwards, indeed, they made a very considerable figure, and were rewarded for their past suffering;

EPODE V.

- “ With strong prevention let thy hand control
 “ The brazen lance of Pifa’s furious king;
 “ And to the honours of th’ Elean goal
 “ Me with unrival’d speed in triumph bring.
 “ Transfix’d by his unerring spear,
 “ Already thirteen youths have dy’d,
 “ Yet he persists with cruel pride,
 “ Hippodamîa’s nuptials to defer.

STROPHE VI.

- “ In the paths of dangerous fame
 “ Trembling cowards never tread:
 “ Yet since all of mortal frame
 “ Must be number’d with the dead,
 “ Who in dark inglorious shade
 “ Would his useless life consume,
 “ And, with deedless years decay’d,
 “ Sink unhonour’d to the tomb?
 “ I that shameful lot disdain;
 “ I this doubtful list will prove;
 “ May my vows from thee obtain
 “ Conquest, and the prize of love!”

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thus he pray’d, and mov’d the God;
 Who, his bold attempt to grace,
 On the favour’d youth bestow’d
 Steeds unwearied in the race;
 Steeds,

Steeds, with winged speed endued,
 Harness'd to a golden carr,
 So was Pifa's king subdued;
 Pelops so obtain'd the fair;
 From whose womb a noble brood,
 Six illustrious brothers came,
 All with virtuous minds endow'd,
 Leaders all of mighty fame.

E P O D E VI.

Now in the solemn service of the dead,
 Rank'd with immortal Gods, great Pelops shares;
 While to his altar, on the watery bed
 Of Alpheus rais'd, from every clime repairs
 The wondering stranger, to behold
 The glories of th' Olympick plain;
 Where, the resplendent wreath to gain,
 Contend the swift, the active, and the bold.

S T R O P H E VII.

Happy he, whose glorious brow
 Pifa's honour'd chaplets crown;
 Calm his stream of life shall flow,
 Shelter'd by his high renown.
 That alone is bliss supreme,
 Which, unknowing to decay,
 Still with ever-shining beam
 Gladdens each succeeding day.
 Then for happy Hiero weave
 Garlands of Æolian strains;
 Him these honours to receive
 The Olympick law ordains.

In a cauldron's seething flood
That thy mangled limbs were cast,
Thence by each voracious God
On the board in messes plac'd.
But shall I the blest abuse?
With such tales to stain her song
Far, far be it from my Muse!
Vengeance waits th' unhallow'd tongue.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Sure, if e'er to man befall
Honour from the powers divine,
Who on high Olympus dwell,
Tantalus, the lot was thine.
But, alas! his mortal sense
All too feeble to digest
The delights of bliss immense,
Sicken'd at the heavenly feast.
Whence, his folly to chastise,
O'er his head with pride elate,
Jove, great father of the skies,
Hung a rock's enormous weight.

EPODE IV.

Now vainly labouring with incessant pains
Th' impending rock's expected fall to shun,
The fourth distressful instance he remains
Of wretched man by impious pride undone;
Who to his mortal guests convey'd
Th' incorruptible food of Gods,
On which in their divine abodes
Himself erst feasting was immortal made:

STRO.

STROPHE V.

Vain is he, who hopes to cheat
 The all-seeing eyes of Heaven :
 From Olympus' blissful seat,
 For his father's theft, was driven
 Pelops, to reside once more
 With frail man's swift-passing race.
 Where (for now youth's blowing flower
 Deck'd with opening pride his face;
 And with manly beauty sprung
 On each cheek the downy shade)
 Ever burning for the young,
 Hymen's fires his heart invade.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Anxious then th' Elean bride
 From her royal sire to gain,
 Near the billow-beaten side
 Of the foam-besilver'd main,
 Darkling and alone he stood,
 Invoking oft the name
 Of the Trident-bearing god
 Strait the Trident-bearer came :
 " If the sweet delights of love,
 " Which from Beauty's Queen descend,
 " Can thy yielding bosom move,
 " Mighty God, my cause befriend.

EPODE

OLYMPICK ODES. ODE I. 137

Now on that heroic land

His far-beaming glories beat,
Where with all his Lydian band

Pelops fix'd his honour'd seat :

Pelops, by the god belov'd,

Whose strong arms the globe embrace ;

When by Jove's high orders mov'd

Clotho blest'd the healing vase.

E P O D E II.

Forth from the cauldron to new life restor'd,

Pleas'd with the lustre of his ivory arm

Young Pelops rose ; so ancient tales record,

And oft these tales unheeding mortals charm ;

While gaudy Fiction, deck'd with art,

And dress'd in every winning grace,

To Truth's unornamented face

Preferr'd, seduces oft the human heart.

S T R O P H E III.

Add to these sweet Poesy,

Smooth inchantress of mankind,

Clad in whose false majesty

Fables easy credit find.

But ere long the rolling year

The deceitful tale explodes :

Then, O man, with holy fear

Touch the characters of Gods.

Of their heavenly natures say

Nought unseemly, nought profane,

So shalt thou due honour pay,

So be free from guilty stain.

ANTI.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Differing then from ancient fame

I thy story will record:

How the Gods invited came

To thy father's genial board;

In his turn the holy feast

When on Sipylus he spread;

To the tables of the blest

In his turn with honour led.

Neptune then thy lovely face,

Son of Tantalus, survey'd,

And with amorous embrace

Far away the prize convey'd.

EPODE III.

To the high palace of all-honour'd Jove

With Pelops swift the golden chariot rolls.

There, like more ancient Ganymede, above

For Neptune he prepares the nectar'd bowls.

But for her vanquish'd son in vain

When long his tender mother sought,

And tidings of his fate were brought

By none of all her much-inquiring train;

STROPHE IV.

O'er the envious realm with speed

A malicious rumour flew,

That, his heavenly guests to feed,

Thee thy impious father flew:

sufferings with wealth and honour; according to which method of proceeding, the Poet (alluding to some misfortunes that had befallen Theron) beseeches Jupiter to deal with their posterity, by recompensing their former afflictions with a series of peace and happiness for the future; in the enjoyment of which they would soon lose the memory of whatever they had suffered in times past: the constant effect of prosperity being to make men forget their past adversity; which is the only reparation that can be made to them for the miseries they have undergone. The truth of this position he makes appear from the history of the same family; by the farther instances of Semele, Ino, and Thersander; and lastly, of Theron himself, whose former cares and troubles, he insinuates, are repaid by his present happiness and victory in the Olympick Games: for his success in which, the Poet however intimates, that Theron was no less indebted to his riches than to his virtue, since he was enabled by the one, as well as disposed by the other, to undergo the trouble and expence that was necessary to qualify him for a candidate for the Olympick crown in particular, and, in general, for the performance of any great and worthy action: for the words are general. From whence he takes occasion to tell him, that the man who possesses these treasures, viz. Riches and Virtue, that is, the means and the inclination of doing good and great actions, has the farther satisfaction of knowing, that he shall be rewarded for it hereafter; and go

among the heroes into the Fortunate Islands (the Paradise of the Ancients), which he here describes; some of whose inhabitants are likewise mentioned by way of inciting Theron to an imitation of their actions; as Peleus, Cadmus, and Achilles. Here the Poet, finding himself, as well from the abundance of matter, as from the fertility of his own genius, in danger of wandering too far from his subject, recalls his Muse, and returns to the praise of Theron; whose beneficence and generosity, he tells us, were not to be equalled: with which, and with some reflections upon the enemies and maligners of Theron, he concludes.

STROPHE I.

YE choral hymns, harmonious lays,
Sweet rulers of the Lyrick string,
What god? what hero's god-like praise?

What mortal shall we sing?
With Jove, with Pisa's Guardian God,
Begin, O Muse, th' Olympick Ode.

Alcides, Jove's heroick son,

The second honours claims;
Who, offering up the spoils from Augeas won,
Establish'd to his fire th' Olympick Games;
Where bright in wreaths of Conquest Theron shone.

Then of victorious Theron sing!
Of Theron hospitable, just, and great!

Fam'd Agrigentum's honour'd king,
The prop and bulwark of her towering state;

OLYMPICK ODES. ODE II. 147

A righteous prince! whose flowering virtues grace
The venerable stem of his illustrious race:

ANTISTROPHE I.

A race, long exercis'd in woes,
Ere, smiling o'er her kindred flood,
The mansion of their wish'd repose,
Their sacred city stood;
And through amaz'd Sicilia shone
The lustre of their fair renown.
Thence, as the milder Fates decreed,
In destin'd order born,
Auspicious hours with smoother pace succeed;
While Power and Wealth the noble line adorn,
And Public Favour, Virtue's richest meed.
O Son of Rhea, God supreme!
Whose kingly hands th' Olympian sceptre wield!
Rever'd on Alpheus' sacred stream!
And honour'd most in Pisa's lifted field!
Propitious listen to my soothing strain!
And to the worthy sons their father's rights maintain!

EPODE I.

Peace on their future life, and wealth bestow;
And bid their present moments calmly flow.
The deed once done no power can abrogate,
Not the great Sire of all Things, Time, nor Fate.
But sweet oblivion of disastrous care,
And good succeeding, may the wrong repair.

Lost in the brightness of returning day,
 The gloomy terrors of the night decay;
 When Jove commands the Sun of Joy to rise,
 And opens into smiles the cloud-invelop'd skies.

S T R O P H E II.

Thy hapless daughters' various fate
 This moral truth, O Cadmus, shows;
 Who vested now with god-like state
 On heavenly thrones repose;
 And yet Affliction's thorny road
 In bitter anguish once they trod.
 But bliss superior hath eras'd
 The memory of their woe;
 While Semele, on high Olympus plac'd,
 To heavenly zephyrs bids her tresses flow,
 Once by devouring lightnings all defac'd.
 There, with immortal charms improv'd,
 Inhabitant of Heaven's serene abodes
 She dwells, by virgin Pallas lov'd,
 Lov'd by Saturnius, father of the gods;
 Lov'd by her youthful son, whose brows divine,
 In twisting ivy bound, with joy eternal shine.

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

To Ino, Goddess of the Main,
 The Fates an equal lot decree,
 Rank'd with old Ocean's Nereid train,
 Bright daughters of the sea.

Deep

OLYMPICK ODES. ODE II. 149

Deep in the pearly realms below,
Immortal happiness to know.
But here our day's appointed end
To mortals is unknown;
Whether distress our period shall attend,
And in tumultuous storms our sun go down,
Or to the shades in peaceful calms descend.
For various flows the tide of life,
Obnoxious still to Fortune's veering gale;
Now rough with anguish, care, and strife,
O'erwhelming waves the shatter'd bark assail:
Now glide serene and smooth the limpid streams;
And on the surface play Apollo's golden beams.

E P O D E II.

Thus, Fate, O Theron, that with bliss divine
And glory once enrich'd thy ancient line,
Again reversing every gracious deed,
Woe to thy wretched fires and shame decreed;
What time, encountering on the Phocian plain,
By luckless Oedipus was Laius slain.
To parricide by Fortune blindly led,
His father's precious life the hero shed;
Doom'd to fulfill the oracles of heaven,
To Thebes' ill-destin'd king by Pythian Phoebus given.

S T R O P H E III.

But with a fierce avenging eye
Erinnys the foul murder view'd,
And bade his warring offspring die,
By mutual rage subdued.

Pierc'd by his brother's hateful steel

Thus haughty Polynices fell.

Thersander, born to calmer days,

Surviv'd his falling fire,

In youthful games to win immortal praise ;

Renown in martial combats to acquire,

And high in power th' Adrastian house to raise.

Forth from this venerable root

Ænefidamus and his Theron spring ;

For whom I touch my Dorian flute,

For whom triumphant strike my sounding string.

Due to his glory is th' Aonian strain,

Whose virtue gain'd the prize in fam'd Olympia's plain.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alone in fam'd Olympia's sand

The victor's chaplet Theron wore ;

But with him on the Isthmian strand,

On sweet Castalia's shore,

The verdant crowns, the proud reward

Of victory, his brother shar'd,

Copartner in immortal praise,

As warm'd with equal zeal

The light-foot courser's generous breed to raise,

And whirl around the goal the fervid wheel.

The painful strife Olympia's wreath repays :

But wealth with nobler virtue join'd

The means and fair occasions must procure ;

In glory's chace must aid the mind,

Expencc, and toil, and danger to endure ;

With

OLYMPICK ODES. ODE II. 151

With mingling rays they feed each other's flame,
And shine the brightest lamp in all the sphere of fame.

E P O D E III.

The happy mortal, who these treasures shares,
Well knows what fate attends his generous cares;
Knows, that beyond the verge of life and light,
In the sad regions of infernal night,
The fierce, impracticable, churlish mind
Avenging gods and penal woes shall find;
Where strict inquiring justice shall bewray
The crimes committed in the realms of day.
Th' impartial Judge the rigid law declares,
No more to be revers'd by penitence or prayers.

S T R O P H E IV.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ.
Them no uneasy wants constrain
To vex th' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil,
A frail disastrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of justice they receive;
And in the fellowship of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live.

While, banish'd by the Fates from joy and rest,
Intolerable woes the impious soul infect.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But they who, in true virtue strong,
The third purgation can endure;
And keep their minds from fraudulent wrong
And guilt's contagion pure;
They through the starry paths of Jove
To Saturn's blissful seat remove;
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the blest island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain:
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears;
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow
Array'd in golden bloom refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams.
These, by the blest in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and clustering locks adorn

EPODE IV.

Such is the righteous will, the high behest,
Of Rhadamanthus, ruler of the blest;
The just assessor of the throne divine,
On which, high rais'd above all gods, recline,
Link'd in the golden bands of wedded love,
The great progenitors of thundering Jove.
There,

OLYMPICK ODES. ODE II. 153

There, in the number of the blest enroll'd,
Live Cadmus, Peleus, heroes fam'd of old;
And young Achilles, to those isles remov'd,
Soon as, by Thetis won, relenting Jove approv'd:

STROPHE V.

Achilles, whose resistless might
Troy's stable pillar overthrew,
The valiant Hector, firm in fight,
And hardy Cygnus slew,
And Memnon, offspring of the morn,
In torrid Æthiopia born—

Yet in my well-stor'd breast remain
Materials to supply

With copious argument my moral strain,
Whose mystic sense the wise alone descry,
Still to the vulgar sounding harsh and vain.

He only, in whose ample breast
Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
The praise of wisdom may contest;
Not they who, with loquacious learning stor'd,
Like crows and chattering jays, with clamorous cries
Pursue the bird of Jove, that sails along the skies.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Come on! thy brightest shafts prepare,
And bend, O Muse, thy sounding bow;
Say, through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows shall we throw?

On

On Agrigentum fix thine eye,
 Thither let all thy quiver fly.
 And thou, O Agrigentum, hear,
 While, with religious dread,
 And taught the laws of justice to revere,
 To heavenly vengeance I devote my head,
 If aught to truth repugnant now I swear,
 Swear, that no state, revolving o'er
 The long memorials of recorded days,
 Can shew in all her boasted store
 A name to parallel thy Theron's praise;
 One to the acts of friendship so inclin'd,
 So fam'd for bounteous deeds, and love of human kind.

E P O D E V.

Yet hath obstreperous envy sought to drown
 The goodly musick of his sweet renown;
 While, by some frantic spirits borne along
 To mad attempts of violence and wrong,
 She turn'd against him faction's raging flood,
 And strove with evil deeds to conquer good.
 But who can number every sandy grain
 Wash'd by Sicilia's hoarse-resounding main?
 Or who can Theron's generous works express,
 And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtues bless!

THE THIRD OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is likewise inscribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, upon the Occasion of another Victory obtained by him in the Chariot-Race at Olympia; the Date of which is unknown.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Scholiast acquaints us, that as Theron was celebrating the Theoxenia (a festival instituted by Castor and Pollux in honour of all the gods) he received the news of a victory obtained by his chariot in the Olympick Games: from this circumstance the Poet takes occasion to address this Ode to those two deities and their sister Helena, in whose temple, the same Scholiast informs us, some people with greatest probability conjectured, it was sung, at a solemn sacrifice there offered by Theron to those deities, and to Hercules also, as may be inferred from a passage in the third Strophe of the Translation. But there is another, and a more poetical propriety in Pindar's invoking these divinities, that is suggested in the Ode itself: for, after mentioning the occasion of his composing it, namely, the Olympick victory of Theron, and saying that a triumphal song was a tribute due to that person upon whom the Hellanodick, or Judge of the Games, bestowed the sacred Olive, according

According to the institution of their first founder Hercules, he proceeds to relate the fabulous, but legendary story, of that Hero's having brought that plant originally from Scythia, the country of the Hyperboreans, to Olympia; having planted it there near the temple of Jupiter, and ordered that the victors in those games should, for the future, be crowned with the branches of this sacred tree. To this he adds, that Hercules, upon his being removed to heaven, appointed the twin-brothers, Castor and Pollux, to celebrate the Olympick Games, and execute the office of bestowing the Olive-crown upon those who obtained the victory; and now, continues Pindar, he comes a propitious guest to this sacrifice of Theron, in company with the two sons of Leda, who, to reward the piety and zeal of Theron and his family, have given them success and glory; to the utmost limits of which he insinuates that Theron is arrived, and so concludes with affirming, that it would be in vain for any man, wise or unwise, to attempt to surpass him.

T O

THERON KING OF AGRIGENTUM.

STROPHE I.

WHILE to the fame of Agragas I sing,
 For Theron wake th' Olympick string,
 And with Aonian garlands grace
 His steeds unwearied in the race,
 O may the hospitable twins of Jove,
 And bright-hair'd Helena, the song approve!
 For this the Muse bestow'd her aid,
 As in new measures I essay'd
 To harmonize the tuneful words,
 And set to Dorian airs my sounding chords.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! the conquering steeds, whose tossing heads
 Olympia's verdant wreath bespreads,
 The Muse-imparted tribute claim,
 Due, Theron, to thy glorious name;
 And bid me temper in their master's praise
 The flute, the warbling lyre, and melting lays.
 Lo! Pifa too the song requires!
 Elean Pifa, that inspires
 The glowing Bard with eager care
 His heaven-directed present to prepare:

E P O D E I.

The present offer'd to his virtuous fame,
 On whose ennobled brows
 The righteous umpire of the sacred game,
 Th' Ætolian judge, bestows
 The darksome olive, studious to fulfill
 The mighty founder's will,
 Who this fair ensign of Olympick toil
 From distant Scythia's fruitful soil,
 And Hyperborean Ister's woody shore,
 With fair entreaties gain'd, to Grecian Elis bore.

S T R O P H E II.

The blameless servants of the Delphick God
 With joy the valued gifts bestow'd;
 Mov'd by the friendly chief to grant,
 On terms of peace, the sacred plant,
 Destin'd at once to shade Jove's honour'd shrine
 And crown heroick worth with wreaths divine.
 For now full-orb'd the wandering moon
 In plenitude of brightness shone,
 And on the spacious eye of night
 Pour'd all the radiance of her golden light:

A N T I S T R O P H E II.

Now on Jove's altars blaz'd the hallow'd flames,
 And now were fix'd the mighty games,
 Again, when e'er the circling sun
 Four times his annual course had run,
 Their period to renew, and shine again
 On Alpheus' craggy shores and Pifa's plain:

But

But subject all the region lay
 To the fierce sun's insulting ray,
 While upon Pelops' burning vale
 No shade arose his fury to repell.

E P O D E II.

Then traversing the hills, whose jutting base
 Indents Arcadia's meads,
 To where the virgin goddess of the chace
 Impells her foaming steeds,
 To Scythian Ister he directs his way,
 Doom'd by his father to obey
 The rigid pleasures of Mycenæ's king,
 And thence the rapid hind to bring,
 Whom, sacred present for the Orthian maid,
 With horns of branching gold, Tægeta array'd.

S T R O P H E III.

There as the longsome chace the chief pursued,
 The spacious Scythian plains he view'd;
 A land beyond the chilling blast
 And northern caves of Boreas cast:
 There too the groves of olive he survey'd,
 And gaz'd with rapture on the pleasing shade,
 Thence by the wondering hero borne
 The goals of Elis to adorn.
 And now to Theron's sacred feast
 With Leda's twins he comes, propitious guest!

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE III.

To Leda's twins (when heaven's divine abodes
 He sought, and mingled with the gods)
 He gave th' illustrious Games to hold,
 And crown the swift, the strong, and bold.
 Then, Muse, to Theron and his house proclaim
 The joyous tidings of success and fame,
 By Leda's twins bestow'd to grace,
 Emmenides, thy pious race,
 Who, mindful of heaven's high behests,
 With strictest zeal observe their holy feasts.

EPODE III.

As water's vital streams all things surpass,
 As gold's all-worship'd ore
 Holds amid fortune's stores the highest class;
 So to that distant shore,
 To where the pillars of Alcides rise,
 Fame's utmost boundaries,
 Theron, pursuing his successful way,
 Hath deck'd with glory's brightest ray
 His lineal virtues.—Farther to attain,
 Wise, and unwise, with me despair: th' attempt were
 vain.

THE FIFTH OLYMPICK ODE.

THIS Ode is inscribed to Psaumis of Camarina (a town in Sicily), who, in the eighty-second Olympiad, obtained three victories; one in the race of chariots drawn by four horses; a second in the race of the Apené, or chariot drawn by mules, and a third in the race of single horses.

Some people (it seems) have doubted, whether this Ode be Pindar's, for certain reasons, which, together with the arguments on the other side, the learned reader may find in the Oxford edition and others of this Author; where it is clearly proved to be genuine. But, besides the reasons there given for doubting if this Ode be Pindar's, there is another (though not mentioned, as I know of, by any one) which may have helped to bias people in their judgment upon this question. I shall therefore beg leave to consider it a little, because what I shall say upon that head, will tend to illustrate both the meaning and the method of Pindar in this Ode. In the Greek editions of this Author there are two Odes (of which this is the second) inscribed to the same Psaumis, and dated both in the same Olympiad. But they differ from each other in several particulars, as well in the matter as the manner. In the second Ode, notice is taken of three victories obtained by Psaumis; in the first, of only one, viz. that ob-

tained by him in the race of chariots drawn by four horses: in the second, not only the city of Camarina, but the lake of the same name, many rivers adjoining to it, and some circumstances relating to the present state, and the rebuilding of that city (which had been destroyed by the Syracusians some years before) are mentioned; whereas in the first, Camarina is barely named, as the country of the conqueror, and as it were out of form: from all which I conclude, that these two Odes were composed to be sung at different times, and in different places; the first at Olympia, immediately upon Psaumis's being proclaimed conqueror in the chariot-race, and before he obtained his other two victories. This may with great probability be inferred, as well from no mention being there made of those two victories, as from the prayer which the poet subjoins immediately to his account of the first, viz. that heaven would in like manner be favourable to the rest of the victor's wishes; which prayer, though it be in general words, and one frequently used by Pindar in other of his Odes, yet has a peculiar beauty and propriety, if taken to relate to the other two exercises, in which Psaumis was still to contend; and in which he afterwards came off victorious. That it was the custom for a conqueror, at the time of his being proclaimed, to be attended by a chorus, who sung a song of triumph in honour of his victory, I have observed in the Dissertation prefixed to these

these Odes *. In the second, there are so many marks of its having been made to be sung at the triumphal entry of Psaumis into his own country, and those so evident, that, after this hint given, the reader cannot help observing them as he goes through the Ode. I shall therefore say nothing more of them in this place; but that they tend, by shewing for what occasion this Ode was calculated, to confirm what I said relating to the other; and jointly with that to prove, that there is no reason to conclude from there being two Odes inscribed to the same person, and dated in the same Olympiad, that the latter is not Pindar's, especially as it appears, both in the style and spirit, altogether worthy of him.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet begins with addressing himself to Camarina, a sea nymph, from whom the city and lake were both named, to bespeak a favourable reception of his Ode, a present which he tells her was made to her by Psaumis, who rendered her city illustrious at the Olympick Games; where having obtained three victories, he consecrated his fame to Camarina, by ordering the herald, when he proclaimed him conqueror, to style him of that city. This he did at Olympia; but now, continues Pindar, upon his coming home, he is more particular, and inserts in

M 2

his

* See Mr. West's Preface, p. 122.

his triumphal song the names of the principal places and rivers belonging to Camarina; from whence the Poet takes occasion to speak of the rebuilding of that city, which was done about this time, and of the state of glory, to which, out of her low and miserable condition, she was now brought by the means of Psaumis, and by the lustre cast on her by his victories; victories (says he) not to be obtained without much labour and expence, the usual attendants of great and glorious actions; but the man who succeeded in such-like undertakings, was sure to be rewarded with the love and approbation of his country. The Poet then addresses himself to Jupiter in a prayer, beseeching him to adorn the city and state of Camarina with virtue and glory; and to grant to the victor Psaumis a joyful and contented old age, and the happiness of dying before his children: after which he concludes with an exhortation to Psaumis, to be contented with his condition; which he insinuates was as happy as that of a mortal could be, and it was to no purpose for him to wish to be a god.

S T R O P H E.

FAIR Camarina, daughter of the main,
 With gracious smiles this choral song receive,
 Sweet fruit of virtuous toils; whose noble strain
 Shall to th' Olympick wreath new lustre give:

This

OLYMPICK ODES. ODE V. 165

This Psaumis, whom on Alpheus' shore
 With unabating speed
 The harness'd mules to conquest bore,
 This gift to thee decreed;
 Thee, Camarina, whose well-peopled towers
 Thy Psaumis render'd great in fame,
 When to the twelve Olympian powers
 He fed with victims the triumphal flame.
 When, the double altars round,
 Slaughter'd Bulls bestrew'd the ground;
 When, on five selected days,
 Jove survey'd the list of praise;
 While along the dusty course
 Psaumis urg'd his straining horse,
 Or beneath the social yoke
 Made the well-match'd coursers smoke;
 Or around th' Elean goal
 Taught his mule-drawn car to roll.
 Then did the victor dedicate his fame
 To thee, and bade the herald's voice proclaim
 Thy new-establiſh'd walls, and Acron's honour'd name.

ANTISTROPHE.

But now return'd from where the pleasant seat
 Once of Oenomaus and Pelops stood,
 Thee, Civic Pallas, and thy chaste retreat,
 He bids me sing, and fair Oanus' flood,

And Camarina's sleeping wave,
 And those sequester'd shores,
 Through which the thirsty town to lave
 Smooth flow the watery stores
 Of fishy Hipparis, profoundest stream,
 Adown whose wood-envelop'd tide
 The solid pile and lofty beam,
 Materials for the future palace, glide.
 Thus, by war's rude tempests torn,
 Plung'd in misery and scorn,
 Once again, with power array'd,
 Camarina lifts her head,
 Gayly brightening in the blaze,
 Pfaumis, of thy hard-earn'd praise.
 Trouble, care, expence, attend
 Him who labours to ascend
 Where, approaching to the skies,
 Virtue holds the sacred prize,
 That tempts him to atchieve the dangerous deed :
 But, if his well-concerted toils succeed,
 His country's just applause shall be his glorious meed.

E P O D E.

O Jove ! protector of mankind !
 O cloud-enthroned king of gods !
 Who, on the Chronian mount reclin'd,
 With honour crown'st the wide-stream'd floods
 Of Alpheus, and the solemn gloom
 Of Ida's cave ! to thee I come

Thy

Thy suppliant, to soft Lydian reeds,
 Sweet breathing forth my tuneful prayer,
 That, grac'd with noble, valiant deeds,
 This state may prove thy guardian care;
 And thou, on whose victorious brow
 Olympia bound the sacred bough,
 Thou whom Neptunian steeds delight,
 With age, content, and quiet crown'd,
 Calm may'st thou sink to endless night,
 Thy children, Psaumis, weeping round.
 And since the gods have given thee fame and wealth,
 Join'd with that prime of earthly treasures, health,
 Enjoy the blessings they to man assign,
 Nor fondly sigh for happiness divine.

THE SEVENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Diagoras, the son of Damagetus of Rhodes, who in the Seventy-ninth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the cæstus.

This Ode was in such esteem among the ancients, that it was deposited in a temple of Minerva, written in letters of gold.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet begins this noble song of triumph with a simile, by which he endeavours to shew his great esteem for those who obtain the victory in the Olympick and other games; as also the value of the present, that he makes them upon that occasion; a present always acceptable, because fame and praise is that which delights all mortals; wherefore the Muse, says he, is perpetually looking about for proper objects to bestow it upon; and seeing the great actions of Diagoras, takes up a resolution of celebrating him, the Isle of Rhodes his country, and his father Damagetus (according to the form observed by the herald in proclaiming the conquerors); Damagetus, and consequently Diagoras, being descended from Tlepolemus, who led over a colony of Grecians from Argos to Rhodes, where he settled, and obtained the dominion of that island. From Tlepolemus, therefore, Pindar declares he will deduce his song; which he addresses to all the Rhodians in com-

mon

mon with Diagoras, who were descended from Tlepolemus, or from those Grecians that came over with him; that is, almost all the people of Rhodes, who indeed are as much (if not more) interested in the greatest part of this Ode, as Diagoras the conqueror. Pindar accordingly relates the occasion of Tlepolemus's coming to Rhodes, which he tells was in obedience to an oracle, that commanded him to seek out that island; which, instead of telling us its name, Pindar, in a more poetical manner, characterizes by relating of it some legendary stories (if I may so speak) that were peculiar to the Isle of Rhodes; such as the Golden Shower, and the occasion of Apollo's chasing that island for himself; both which stories he relates at large with such a flame of Poetry, as shews his imagination to have been extremely heated and elevated with his subjects. Neither does he seem to cool in the short account that he gives, in the next place, of the passion of Apollo for the Nymph Rhodos, from whom the island received its name, and from whom were descended its original inhabitants (whom just before the Poet therefore called the sons of Apollo): and particularly the three brothers, Camirus, Lindus, and Jalyfus; who divided that country into three kingdoms, and built the three principal cities which retained their names. In this island Tlepolemus (says the Poet, returning to the story of that hero) found rest, and a period to all his misfortunes, and at length grew into such esteem with the Rhodians, that they worshiped him as a God, appointing sacri-

- sacrifices to him, and instituting games in his honour.
 The mention of those games naturally brings back
 of the Poet to Diagoras; and gives him occasion, from
 of the two victories obtained by Diagoras in those
 games, to enumerate all the prizes won by that
 famous conqueror in all the games of Greece: after
 which enumeration, he begs of Jupiter, in a solemn
 prayer, to grant Diagoras the love of his country,
 and the admiration of all the world, as a reward
 for the many virtues for which he and his family
 had always been distinguished, and for which their
 country had so often triumphed: and then, as if he
 had been a witness of the extravagant transports of
 the Rhodians (to which, not the festival only occa-
 sioned by the triumphal entry of their countryman,
 and the glory reflected upon them by his victories,
 but much more the flattering and extraordinary eulo-
 giums bestowed upon the whole nation in this Ode,
 might have given birth), the Poet on a sudden
 changes his hand, and checks their pride by a moral
 reflection on the vicissitude of fortune, with which
 he exhorts them to moderation, and so concludes.

HEROIC STANZAS.

I.

AS when a father in the golden vase,
 The pride and glory of his wealthy stores,
 Bent his lov'd daughter's nuptial torch to grace,
 The vineyard's purple dew profusely pours;

II. Then

OLYMPICK ODES. ODE VII. 171

II.

Then to his lips the foaming chalice rears,
With blessings hallow'd, and auspicious vows,
And, mingling with the draught transporting tears,
On the young bridegroom the rich gift bestows;

III.

The precious earnest of esteem sincere,
Of friendly union and connubial love:
The bridal train the sacred pledge revere,
And round the youth in sprightly measures move.

IV.

He to his home the valued present bears,
The grace and ornament of future feasts;
Where, as his father's bounty he declares,
Wonder shall seize the gratulating guests.

V.

Thus on the valiant, on the swift, and strong,
Castalia's genuine nectar I bestow;
And, pouring forth the Muse-descended song,
Bid to their praises the rich numbers flow.

VI.

Grateful to them resounds th' harmonick Ode,
The gift of friendship and the pledge of fame.
Happy the mortal, whom th' Aonian God
Cheers with the musick of a glorious name!

VII.

The Muse her piercing glances throws around,
And quick discovers every worthy deed:
And now she wakes the lyre's enchanting sound,
Now fills with various strains the vocal reed:

VIII. But

VIII.

But here each instrument of song divine,

The vocal reed and lyre's enchanting string,
She tunes; and bids their harmony combine

Thee, and thy Rhodes, Diagoras, to sing;

IX.

Thee and thy country, native of the flood,

Which from bright Rhodes draws her honour'd name,
Fair nymph, whose charms subdued the Delphic God,
Fair blooming daughter of the Cyprian dame:

X.

To sing thy triumphs in th' Olympick sand,

Where Alpheus saw thy giant-temples crown'd;
Fam'd Pythia too proclaim'd thy conquering hand,
Where sweet Castalia's mystic currents sound.

XI.

Nor Damagetus will I pass unsung,

Thy fire, the friend of Justice and of Truth;
From noble ancestors whose lineage sprung,
The chiefs who led to Rhodes the Argive youth.

XII.

There near to Asia's wide-extended strand,

Where jutting Embolus the waves divides,
In three divisions they they possess'd the land,
Enthron'd amid the hoarse-resounding tides.

XIII.

To their descendants will I tune my lyre,

The offspring of Alcides bold and strong;
And from Tlepolemus, their common sire,
Deduce the national historick song.

XIV. Tlepole-

XIV.

Tlepolemus of great Alcides came,
The fruits of fair Aftydameia's love,
Jove-born Amyntor got the Argive dame:
So either lineage is deriv'd from Jove.

XV.

But wrapt in error is the human mind,
And human bliss is ever insecure:
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
Know we how long the present shall endure?

XVI.

For lo! the * founder of the Rhodian state,
Who from Saturnian Jove his being drew,
While his fell bosom swell'd with vengeful hate,
The bastard-brother of Alcmena slew.

XVII.

With his rude mace, in fair Tiryntha's walls,
Tlepolemus inflicts the horrid wound:
Ev'n at his mother's door Licymnius falls,
Yet warm from her embrace, and bites the ground.

XVIII.

Passion may oft the wisest heart surprize:
Conscious and trembling for the murderous deed,
To Delphi's Oracle the hero flies,
Solicitous to learn what Heaven decreed.

XIX. Him

* Tlepolemus.

XIX.

Him bright-hair'd Phœbus, from his odorous fane,
 Bade set his flying sails from Lerna's shore,
 And, in the bosom of the Eastern Main,
 That sea-girt region hasten to explore ;

XX.

That blissful island, where a wonderous cloud
 Once rain'd, at Jove's command, a golden shower ;
 What time, assisted by the Lemnian God,
 The King of Heaven brought forth the Virgin Power.

XXI.

By Vulcan's art the father's teeming head
 Was open'd wide, and forth impetuous sprung,
 And shouted fierce and loud, the Warrior Maid :
 Old Mother Earth and Heaven affrighted rung.

XXII.

Then Hyperion's son, pure fount of day,
 Did to his children the strange tale reveal :
 He warn'd them strait the sacrifice to slay,
 And worship the young Power with earliest zeal.

XXIII.

So would they sooth the mighty father's mind,
 Pleas'd with the honours to his daughter paid ;
 And so propitious ever would they find
 Minerva, warlike, formidable maid.

XXIV.

On staid precaution, vigilant and wise,
 True virtue and true happiness depend ;
 But oft Oblivion's darkening clouds arise,
 And from the destin'd scope our purpose bend.

XXV. The

XXV.

The Rhodians, mindful of their fire's behest,
 Strait in the citadel an altar rear'd;
 But with imperfect rites the power address'd,
 And without fire their sacrifice prepar'd.

XXVI.

Yet Jove approving o'er th' assembly spread
 A yellow cloud, that dropp'd with golden dews;
 While in their opening hearts the blue-ey'd maid
 Deign'd her celestial science to infuse.

XXVII.

Thence in all arts the sons of Rhodes excel,
 Though best their forming hands the chissel guide;
 This in each street the breathing marbles tell,
 The stranger's wonder, and the city's pride.

XXVIII.

Great praise the works of Rhodian artists find,
 Yet to their heavenly mistress much they owe;
 Since art and learning cultivate the mind,
 And make the seeds of genius quicker grow.

XXIX.

Some say, that when by lot th' immortal gods
 With Jove these earthly regions did divide,
 All undiscover'd lay Phœbean Rhodes,
 Whelm'd deep beneath the salt Carpathian tide;

XXX.

That, absent on his course, the God of Day
 By all the heavenly synod was forgot,
 Who, his incessant labours to repay,
 Nor land nor sea to Phœbus did allot;

XXXI. That

XXXI.

That Jove reminded would again renew

Th' unjust partition, but the God deny'd;

And said, beneath yon hoary surge I view

An isle emerging through the briny tide:

XXXII.

A region pregnant with the fertile seed

Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and foodful grain;

Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks shall feed;

Unnumber'd men possess each flowery plain.

XXXIII.

Then strait to Lachesis he gave command,

Who binds in golden cauls her jetty hair;

He bade the fatal sister stretch her hand,

And by the Stygian rivers bade her swear;

XXXIV.

Swear to confirm the Thunderer's decree,

Which to his rule that fruitful island gave,

When from the ouzy bottom of the sea

Her head she rear'd above the Lycian wave.

XXXV.

The fatal sister swore, nor swore in vain;

Nor did the tongue of Delphi's Prophet err;

Up-sprung the blooming island through the main;

And Jove on Phœbus did the boon confer.

XXXVI.

In this fam'd isle, the radiant fire of light,

The god whose reins the fiery steeds obey,

Fair Rhodes saw, and, kindling at the sight,

Seiz'd, and by force enjoy'd the beauteous prey:

XXXVII. From

XXXVII.

From whose divine embraces sprung a race
Of mortals, wisest of all human-kind;
Seven sons, endow'd with every noble grace;
The noble graces of a sapient mind.

XXXVIII.

Of these Ialysus and Lindus came,
Who with Camirus shar'd the Rhodian lands;
Apart they reign'd, and sacred to his name
Apart each brother's royal city stands.

XXXIX.

Here a secure retreat from all his woes
Astydamia's hapless offspring found;
Here, like a God in undisturb'd repose,
And like a God with heavenly honours crown'd,

XL.

His priests and blazing altars he surveys,
And hecatombs, that feed the odorous flame;
With games, memorial of his deathless praise;
Where twice, Diagoras, unmatch'd in fame,

XLI.

Twice on thy head the livid poplar shone,
Mix'd with the darksome pine, that binds the brows
Of Isthmian victors, and the Nemean crown,
And every palm that Attica bestows.

XLII.

Diagoras th' Arcadian vase obtain'd;
Argos to him adjudg'd her brazen shield;
His mighty hands the Theban tripod gain'd,
And bore the prize from each Boeotian field.

XLIII.

Six times in rough Ægina he prevail'd;
 As oft Pellene's robe of honour won;
 And still at Megara in vain assail'd,
 He with his name hath fill'd the victor's stone.

XLIV.

O thou, who, high on Atabyrius thron'd,
 Seest from his summits all this happy isle,
 By thy protection be my labours crown'd;
 Vouchsafe, Saturnius, on my verse to smile!

XLV.

And grant to him, whose virtue is my theme,
 Whose valiant heart th' Olympick wreaths proclaim,
 At home his country's favour and esteem,
 Abroad, eternal, universal fame.

XLVI.

For well to thee Diagoras is known;
 Ne'er to injustice have his paths declin'd:
 Nor from his fires degenerates the son;
 Whose precepts and examples fire his mind.

XLVII.

Then from obscurity preserve a race,
 Who to their country joy and glory give;
 Their country, that in them views every grace,
 Which from their great forefathers they receive.

XLVIII.

Yet as the gales of Fortune various blow,
 To-day tempestuous, and to-morrow fair,
 Due bounds, ye Rhodians, let your transports know;
 Perhaps to-morrow comes a storm of care.

THE ELEVENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Agefidamus of Locris, who, in the Seventy-fourth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the Cæstus, and in the class of boys.

The preceding Ode in the original is inscribed to the same person; and in that we learn, that Pindar had for a long time promised Agefidamus an Ode upon his victory, which he at length paid him, acknowledging himself to blame for having been so long in his debt. To make him some amends for having delayed payment so long, he sent him by way of interest together with the preceding Ode, which is of some length, the short one that is here translated, and which in the Greek title is for that reason styled *τόν* or interest.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet, by two comparisons, with which he begins his Ode, insinuates how acceptable to successful merit those songs of triumph are, which give stability and duration to their fame: then declaring that these songs are due to the Olympick Conquerors, he proceeds to celebrate the victory of Agefidamus, and the praises of the Locrians, his countrymen, whom he commends for their having been always reputed a brave, wise, and hospitable nation; from whence he insinuates, that their virtues being here-

ditary and innate, there was no more likelihood of their departing from them, than there was of the fox and lion's changing their natures.

S T R O P H E.

TO wind-bound mariners most welcome blow
The breezy zephyrs through the whistling
shrouds:

Most welcome to the thirsty mountains flow
Soft showers, the pearly daughters of the clouds;
And when on virtuous toils the gods bestow
Success, most welcome sound mellifluous odes,
Whose numbers ratify the voice of Fame,
And to illustrious worth insure a lasting name.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Such fame, superior to the hostile dart
Of canker'd envy, Pisa's Chiefs attends.
Fain would my Muse th' immortal boon impart,
Th' immortal boon which from high Heaven
descends.
And now inspir'd by Heaven thy valiant heart,
Agefidamus, she to Fame commends.
Now adds the ornament of tuneful praise,
And decks thy olive-crown with sweetly-sounding lays.

E P O D E.

But while thy bold achievements I rehearse,
Thy youthful victory in Pisa's sand,
With thee partaking in the friendly verse
Not unregarded shall thy Locris stand.

Then

OLYMPICK ODES. ODE XI. 181

Then haste, ye Muses, join the choral band
Of festive youths upon the Locrian plain;
To an unciviliz'd and savage land
Think not I now invite your virgin train,
Where barbarous ignorance and foul disdain
Of social Virtue's hospitable lore
Prompts the unmanner'd and inhuman swain
To drive the stranger from his churlish door.
A nation shall ye find, renown'd of yore
For martial valour and for worthy deeds;
Rich in a vast and unexhausted store
Of innate wisdom, whose prolific seeds
Spring in each age. So Nature's laws require:
And the great laws of Nature ne'er expire.
Unchang'd the lion's valiant race remains,
And all his father's wiles the youthful fox retains.

THE TWELFTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Ergoteles the Son of Philanor of Himera, who, in the Seventy-seventh Olympiad, gained the prize in the Foot-Race called Dolichos or the Long Course.

A R G U M E N T.

Ergoteles was originally of Crete, but being driven from thence by the fury of a prevailing faction, he retired to Himera, a town of Sicily, where he was honourably received, and admitted to the freedom of the city; after which he had the happiness to obtain, what the Greeks esteemed the highest pitch of glory, the Olympick Crown. Pausanias says he gained two Olympick Crowns; and the same number in each of the other three sacred Games, the Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean. From these remarkable vicissitudes of Fortune in the life of Ergoteles, Pindar takes occasion to address himself to that powerful directress of all human affairs, imploring her protection for Himera, the adopted country of Ergoteles. Then, after describing in general terms the universal influence of that deity upon all the actions of mankind, the uncertainty of events, and the vanity of Hope, ever fluctuating in
igno-

ignorance and error, he assigns a reason for that vanity, viz. That the gods have not given to mortal men any certain evidence of their future fortunes, which often happen to be the very reverse both of their hopes and fears. Thus, says he, it happened to Ergoteles, whose very misfortunes were to him the occasion of happiness and glory; since, had he not been banished from his country, he had probably passed his life in obscurity, and wasted in domestick broils and quarrels that strength and activity, which his more peaceful situation at Himera enabled him to improve, and employ for the obtaining the Olympick crown.

This Ode, one of the shortest, is, at the same time, in its order and connection, the clearest and most compact of any to be met with in Pindar.

STROPHE.

DAUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove,
To thee my supplications I prefer!

For potent Himera my suit I move;

Protectress fortune, hear!

Thy deity along the pathless main

In her wild course the rapid vessel guides;

Rules the fierce conflict on th' embattled plain,

And in deliberating states presides.

Toss'd by thy uncertain gale

On the seas of error sail

Human hopes, now mounting high
 On the swelling surge of joy;
 Now with unexpected woe
 Sinking to the depths below.

ANTISTROPHE.

For sure presage of things to come
 None yet on mortals have the gods bestow'd;
 Nor of futurity's impervious gloom
 Can wisdom pierce the cloud.
 Oft our most sanguine views th' event deceives,
 And veils in sudden grief the smiling ray:
 Oft, when with woe the mournful bosom heaves,
 Caught in a storm of anguish and dismay,
 Pass some fleeting moments by,
 All at once the tempests fly:
 Instant shifts the clouded scene;
 Heaven renews its smiles serene;
 And on Joy's untroubled tides
 Smooth to port the vessel glides.

E P O D E.

* Son of Philanor! in the secret shade
 Thus had thy speed unknown to fame decay'd;
 Thus, like the † crested bird of Mars, at home
 Engag'd in foul domestick jars,
 And wasted with intestine wars,

Inglorious

* Ergoteles.

† The cock.

Inglorious hadst thou spent thy vigorous bloom;
 Had not sedition's civil broils
 Expell'd thee from thy native Crete,
 And driven thee with more glorious toils
 Th' Olympiack crown in Pisa's plain to meet.
 With olive now, with Pythian laurels grac'd,
 And the dark chaplets of the Isthmian pine,
 In Himera's adopted city plac'd,
 To all, Ergoteles, thy honours shine,
 And raise her lustre by imparting thine.

THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Asophicus, the Son of Cleodemus of Orchomenus; who, in the Seventy-sixth Olympiad, gained the victory in the simple Foot-Race, and in the Class of Boys.

A R G U M E N T.

ORCHOMENUS, a city of Bœotia, and the country of the victor Asophicus, being under the protection of the Graces, her tutelary deities, to them Pindar addresses this Ode; which was probably sung in the very temple of those goddesses, at a sacrifice offered by Asophicus on occasion of his victory. The Poet begins this invocation with stiling the Graces queens of Orchomenus, and guardians of the children of Minyas, the first king of that city; whose fertile territories, he says, were by lot assigned to their protection. Then, after describing in general the properties and operations of these deities, both in earth and heaven, he proceeds to call upon each of them by name to assist at the singing of this Ode; which was made, he tells them, to celebrate the victory of Asophicus, in the glory of which Orchomenus had her share. Then addressing himself to Echo, a nymph that formerly resided on the banks of Cephissus, a river of that country,

country, he charges her to repair to the mansion of Proserpine, and impart to Cleodemus, the father of Asophicus (who from hence appears to have been dead at that time) the happy news of his son's victory; and so concludes.

MONOSTROPHAICK.

STROHPE I.

YE powers, o'er all the flowery meads,
 Where deep Cephissus rolls his lucid tide,
 Allotted to preside,
 And haunt the plains renown'd for beauteous steeds,
 Queens of Orchomenus the fair,
 And sacred guardians of the ancient line
 Of Minyas divine,
 Hear, O ye Graces, and regard my prayer!
 All that 's sweet and pleasing here
 Mortals from your hands receive:
 Splendor ye and fame confer,
 Genius, wit, and beauty give.
 Nor, without your shining train,
 Ever on th' æthereal plain
 In harmonious measures move
 The celestial choirs above;
 When the figur'd dance they lead,
 Or the nectar'd banquet spread.
 But with thrones immortal grac'd,
 And by Pythian Phœbus plac'd,

Ordering

Ordering through the blest abodes
 All the splendid works of gods,
 Sit the sisters in a ring,
 Round the golden-shafted king:
 And with reverential love
 Worshipping th' Olympian throne;
 The majestick brow of Jove
 With unfading honours crown.

STROPHE II.

Aglæa, graceful virgin, hear!
 And thou, Euphrosyna, whose ear
 Delighted listens to the warbled strain!
 Bright daughters of Olympian Jove,
 The best, the greatest power above;
 With your illustrious presence deign
 To grace our choral song!
 Whose notes to victory's glad sound
 In wanton measures lightly bound.
 Thalia, come along!
 Come, tuneful maid! for, lo! my string
 With meditated skill prepares
 In softly soothing Lydian airs
 Asopichus to sing;
 Asopichus, whose speed by thee sustain'd
 The wreath for his Orchomenus obtain'd.
 Go then, sportive Echo, go,
 To the fable dome below,

Proserpine's

OLYMPICK ODES. ODE XIV. 18.

Proserpine's black dome, repair,

There to Cleodemus' bear

Tidings of immortal fame:

Tell, how in the rapid game

O'er Pisa's vale his son victorious fled;

Tell, for thou saw'st him bear away

The winged honours of the day ;

And deck'd with wreaths of fame his youthful head.

THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Ætna, King of Syracuse, who, in the Twenty-ninth Pythiad, (which answers to the seventy-eighth Olympiad) gained the victory in the Chariot-Race.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet, addressing himself in the first place to his harp, launches out immediately into a description of the wonderful effects produced in heaven by the enchanting harmony of that divine instrument, when played upon by Apollo, and accompanied by the Muses: these effects, says he, are to celestial minds delight and rapture; but the contrary to the wicked, who cannot hear, without horror, this heavenly music. Having mentioned the wicked, he falls into an account of the punishment of Typhœus, an impious giant; who, having presumed to defy Jupiter, was by him cast into Tartarus, and then chained under Mount Ætna, whose fiery eruptions he ascribes to this giant, whom he therefore stiles Vulcanian Monster. The description of these eruptions of Mount Ætna, he closes with a short prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple upon that mountain, and from thence passes to, what indeed is more properly the subject of this Ode, the Pythian victory of Hiero. This part of the Poem is connected with what went before by the means of Ætna, a city built by Hiero, and

and named after the mountain in whose neighbourhood it stood. Hiero had ordered himself to be styled of *Ætna* by the herald who proclaimed his victory in the Pythian Games; from which glorious beginning, says Pindar, the happy city presages to herself all kinds of glory and felicity for the future. Then addressing himself to Apollo, the patron of the Pythian Games, he beseeches him to make the citizens of *Ætna* great and happy; all human excellencies being the gifts of heaven. To Hiero, in like manner, he wishes felicity and prosperity for the future, not to be disturbed by the return or remembrance of any past afflictions. The toils indeed and troubles which Hiero had undergone, before he and his brother Gelo obtained the sovereignty of Syracuse, having been crowned with success, will doubtless, says Pindar, recur often to his memory with great delight: and then taking notice of the condition of Hiero, who, it seems, being at that time troubled with the stone, was carried about in the army in a litter, or chariot, he compares him to Philoctetes: this hero, having been wounded in the foot by one of Hercules's arrows, staid in Lemnos to get cured of his wound; but it being decreed by the Fates, that Troy should not be taken without those arrows, of which Philoctetes had the possession, the Greeks fetched him from Lemnos, lame and wounded as he was, and carried him to the siege. As Hiero resembled Philoctetes in one point, may he also, adds the Poet, resemble him in another, and re-

cover

cover his health by the assistance of a divinity. Then addressing himself to Dinomenes, the son of Hiero, whom that prince intended to make king of *Ætna*, he enters into an account of the colony, which Hiero had settled in that city: the people of this colony being originally descended from Sparta, were, at their own request, governed by the laws of that famous commonwealth. To this account Pindar subjoins a prayer to Jupiter, imploring him to grant that both the king and people of *Ætna* may, by answerable deeds, maintain the glory and splendor of their race; and that Hiero, and his son Diomenes, taught to govern by the precepts of his father, may be able to dispose their minds to peace and unity. For this purpose, continues he, do thou, O Jupiter, prevent the Carthaginians and the Tuscans from invading Sicily any more, by recalling to their minds the great losses they had lately sustained from the valour of Hiero and his brothers; into a more particular detail of whose courage and virtue, Pindar insinuates he would gladly enter, was he not afraid of being too prolix and tedious; a fault which is apt to breed in the reader satiety and disgust; and though, continues he, excessive fame produces often the same effects in envious minds, yet do not thou, O Hiero! upon that consideration, omit doing any great or good action; it being far better to be envied than to be pitied. With this, and some precepts useful to all kings in general, and others more peculiarly adapted to the temple of Hiero, whom, as he

He was somewhat inclined to avarice, he encourages to acts of generosity and munificence, from the consideration of the fame accruing to the princes of that character, and the infamy redounding to tyrants, he concludes; winding up all with observing, that the first of all human blessings consists in being virtuous; the second in being praised; and that he, who has the happiness to enjoy both these at the same time, is arrived at the highest point of earthly felicity.

DECADE I.

HAIL, golden lyre! whose heaven-invented string
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Who in sweet chorus round their tuneful king
Mix with thy sounding chords their sacred songs.
The dance, gay queen of pleasure, thee attends;
Thy jocund strains her listening feet inspire:
And each melodious tongue its voice suspends
Till thou, great leader of the heavenly quire,
With wanton art preluding giv'st the sign —
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their streaming lightnings all disarm'd,
The smouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the musick of thy Numbers charm'd,
The birds' fierce monarch * drops his vengeful ire;
O Perch'd

* The eagle.

Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian king,
 The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
 And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
 While gentle sleep his closing eyelid seals;
 And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array
 To every balmy gale the rustling feathers play.

DECADE III.

Ev'n Mars, stern god of violence and war,
 Soothes with thy lulling strains his furious breast,
 And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
 His pointed lance consigns to peaceful rest.
 Nor less enraptur'd each immortal mind
 Owns the soft influence of enchanting song,
 When, in melodious symphony combin'd,
 Thy son, Latona, and the tuneful throng
 Of Muses, skill'd in wisdom's deepest lore,
 The subtle powers of verse and harmony explore.

DECADE IV.

But they, on earth, or the devouring main,
 Whom righteous Jove with detestation views,
 With envious horror hear the heavenly strain,
 Exil'd from praise, from virtue, and the Muse.
 Such is Typhceus, impious foe of gods,
 Whose hundred-headed form Cilicia's cave
 Once foster'd in her infamous abodes;
 Till daring with presumptuous arms to brave
 The might of thundering Jove, subdued he fell,
 Plung'd in the horrid dungeons of profoundest hell.

DECADE

DECADE V.

Now under sulphurous Cuma's sea-bound coast,
 And vast Sicilia lies his shaggy breast;
 By snowy Ætna, nurse of endless frost,
 The pillar'd prop of heaven, for ever press'd:
 Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
 Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
 And veil in ruddy mists the noon-day skies,
 While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames aspire,
 Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar
 Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.

DECADE VI.

But he, Vulcanian Monster, to the clouds
 The fiercest, hottest inundations throws,
 While, with the burthen of incumbent woods
 And Ætna's gloomy cliffs o'erwhelm'd, he glows.
 There on his flinty bed out-stretch'd he lies,
 Whose pointed rock his tossing carcase wounds:
 There with dismay he strikes beholding eyes,
 Or frights the distant ear with horrid sounds.
 O save us from thy wrath, Sicilian Jove!
 Thou, that here reign'st, ador'd in Ætna's sacred grove!

DECADE VII.

Ætna, fair forehead of this fruitful land!
 Whose borrow'd name adorns the royal town,
 Rais'd by illustrious Hiero's generous hand,
 And render'd glorious with his high renown.

By Pythian heralds were her praises sung,
 When Hiero triumph'd in the dusty course,
 When sweet Castalia with applauses rung,
 And glorious laurels crown'd the conquering horse.
 The happy city for her future days
 Prefages hence increase of victory and praise.

D E C A D E V I I I .

Thus when the mariners to prosperous winds,
 The port forsaking, spread their swelling sails;
 The fair departure cheers their jocund minds
 With pleasing hopes of favourable gales,
 While o'er the dangerous desarts of the main,
 To their lov'd country they pursue their way.
 Ev'n so, Apollo, thou, whom Lycia's plain,
 Whom Delus, and Castalia's springs obey,
 These hopes regard, and Ætna's glory raise
 With valiant sons, triumphant steeds, and heavenly lays!

D E C A D E I X .

For human virtue from the gods proceeds;
 They the wise mind bestow'd, and smooth'd the
 tongue
 With elocution, and for mighty deeds
 The nervous arm with manly vigour strung.
 All these are Hiero's: these to rival lays
 Call forth the Bard: arise then, Muse, and speed
 To this contention; strive in Hiero's praise,
 Nor fear thy efforts shall his worth exceed;
 Within the lines of truth secure to throw,
 Thy dart shall still surpass each vain attempting foe.

D E C A D E

DECADE X.

So may succeeding ages, as they roll,
 Great Hiero still in wealth and bliss maintain;
 And, joyous health recalling, on his soul
 Oblivion pour of life-consuming pain.
 Yet may thy memory with sweet delight
 The various dangers and the toils recount,
 Which in intestine wars and bloody fight
 Thy patient virtue, Hiero, did surmount;
 What time, by heaven above all Grecians crown'd,
 The prize of sovereign sway with thee thy * brother
 found.

DECADE XI.

Then like the son of Pæan didst thou war,
 Smit with the arrows of a sore disease;
 While, as along slow rolls thy sickly car,
 Love and amaze the haughtiest bosoms seize.
 In Lemnos pining with th' envenom'd wound
 The son of Pæan, Philoctetes, lay:
 There, after tedious quest, the heroes found,
 And bore the limping archer thence away;
 By whom fell Priam's towers (so fate ordain'd)
 And the long harrafs'd Greeks their wish'd repose
 obtain'd.

DECADE XII.

May Hiero too, like Pæan's son, receive
 Recover'd vigour from celestial hands!
 And may the healing god proceed to give
 The power to gain whate'er his wish demands.

O 3

But

* Gelo.

But now, O Muse, address thy sounding lays
 To young Dinomenes, his virtuous heir.
 Sing to Dinomenes, his father's praise;
 His father's praise shall glad his filial ear.
 For him hereafter shalt thou touch the string,
 And chant in friendly strains fair Ætna's future king.

D E C A D E XIII.

Hiero for him th' illustrious city rear'd,
 And fill'd with sons of Greece her stately towers,
 Where, by the free-born citizen rever'd,
 The Spartan laws exert their virtuous powers.
 For by the statutes, which their fathers gave,
 Still must the restive Dorian youth be led;
 Who dwelling once on cold Eurotas' wave,
 Where proud Taygetus exalts his head,
 From the great stock of Hercules divine
 And warlike Pamphilus deriv'd their noble line.

D E C A D E XIV.

These, from Thessalian Pindus rushing down,
 The walls of fam'd Amyclæ once possess'd,
 And, rich in fortune's gifts and high renown,
 Dwelt near the twins of Leda, while they press'd
 Their milky courfers, and the pastures o'er
 Of neighbouring Argos rang'd, in arms supreme.
 To king and people on the flowery shore
 Of lucid Amena, Sicilian stream,
 Grant the like fortune, Jove, with like desert
 The splendor of their race and glory to assert.

DECADE XV.

And do thou aid Sicilia's hoary Lord
 To form and rule his son's obedient mind;
 And still in golden chains of sweet accord,
 And mutual peace the friendly people bind,
 Then grant, O Son of Saturn, grant my prayer!
 The bold Phœnician on his shore detain;
 And may the hardy Tuscan never dare
 To vex with clamorous war Sicilia's main;
 Remembering Hiero, how on Cuma's coast
 Wreck'd by his stormy arms their groaning fleets were
 lost.

DECADE XVI.

What terrors! what destruction them assail'd!
 Hurl'd from their riven decks what numbers dy'd!
 When o'er their might Sicilia's Chief prevail'd,
 Their youth o'erwhelming in the foamy tide;
 Greece from impending servitude to save.
 Thy favour, glorious Athens! to acquire,
 Would I record the Salaminian wave
 Fam'd in thy triumphs: and my tuneful lyre
 To Sparta's sons with sweetest praise should tell,
 Beneath Cithæron's shade what Medish archers fell.

DECADE XVII.

But on fair Himera's wide-water'd shores
 Thy sons, Dinomenes, my lyre demand,
 To grace their virtues with the various stores
 Of sacred verse, and sing th' illustrious band

Of valiant brothers, who from Carthage won
 The glorious meed of conquest, deathless praise.
 A pleasing theme! but censure's dreaded frown
 Compels me to contract my spreading lays.
 In verse conciseness pleases every guest,
 While each impatient blames and loaths a tedious feast.

D E C A D E XVIII.

Nor less distasteful is excessive fame
 To the sour palate of the envious mind;
 Who hears with grief his neighbour's goodly name,
 And hates the fortune that he ne'er shall find.
 Yet in thy virtue, Hiero, persevere!
 Since to be envied is a nobler fate
 Than to be pitied: Let strict Justice steer
 With equitable hand the helm of state,
 And arm thy tongue with truth: O King, beware
 Of every step! a Prince can never lightly err.

D E C A D E XIX.

O'er many nations art thou set, to deal
 The goods of Fortune with impartial hand;
 And, ever watchful of the public weal,
 Unnumber'd witnesses around thee stand.
 Then, would thy virtuous ear for ever feast
 On the sweet melody of well-earn'd fame,
 In generous purposes confirm thy breast,
 Nor-dread expences that will grace thy name;
 But, scorning sordid and unprincely gain,
 Spread all thy bounteous sails, and launch into the Main.

DECADE XX.

When in the mouldering urn the monarch lies,
 His fame in lively characters remains,
 Or grav'd in monumental histories,
 Or deck'd and painted in Aonian strains.
 Thus fresh, and fragrant, and immortal, blooms
 The virtue, Croesus, of thy gentle mind :
 While fate to infamy and hatred dooms
 Sicilia's tyrant, scorn of human kind ;
 Whose ruthless bosom swell'd with cruel pride,
 When in his brazen bull the broiling wretches dy'd.

DECADE XXI.

Him therefore nor in sweet society
 The generous youth conversing ever name ;
 Nor with the harp's delightful melody
 Mingle his odious inharmonious fame.
 The first, the greatest bliss on man conferr'd
 Is, in the acts of virtue to excel ;
 The second, to obtain their high reward,
 The soul-exalting praise of doing well.
 Who both these lots attains, is blest'd indeed,
 Since Fortune here below can give no richer meed.

THE FIRST NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Chromius of Ætna (a city of Sicily) who gained the victory in the Chariot-Race, in the Nemean Games.

A R G U M E N T.

FROM the praises of Ortygia (an island near Sicily, and part of the city of Syracuse, to which it was joined by a bridge) Pindar passes to the subject or occasion of this Ode, viz. the Victory obtained by Chromius in the Nemean Games; which, as it was the first of that kind gained by him, the Poet styles the basis of his future fame, laid by the co-operation of the Gods, who assisted and seconded his divine virtues; and, adds he, if Fortune continues to be favourable, he may arrive at the highest summit of glory: by which is meant chiefly, though not solely, the gaining more prizes in the Great or Sacred Games (particularly the Olympick), where the Muses constantly attend to celebrate and record the Conquerors. From thence, after a short digression to the general praise of Sicily, he comes to an enumeration of the particular virtues of Chromius, viz. his hospitality, liberality, prudence in council, and courage in war. Then, returning to the Nemean Victory, he takes occasion from so auspicious a beginning, to promise Chromius a large increase of glory, in like manner

as

as Tiresias, the famous Poet and Prophet of Thebes (the country of Pindar) upon viewing the first exploit of Hercules, which was killing in his cradle the two serpents sent by Juno to devour him, foretold the subsequent atchievements of that hero; and the great reward he should receive for all his labours, by being admitted into the number of the Gods, and married to Hebe; with which story he concludes the Ode.

S T R O P H E I.

SISTER of Delos! pure abode
Of Virgin Cynthia, Goddess of the Chace!
In whose recesses rests th' emerging flood
Of Alpheus, breathing from his amorous race!
Divine Ortygia! to thy name
The Muse preluding tunes her strings,
Pleas'd with the sweet preamble of thy fame,
To usher in the verse, that sings
Thy triumphs, Chromius; while Sicilian Jove
Hears with delight through Ætna's sounding grove
The gratulations of the hymning choir,
Whom thy victorious carr and Nemea's palms inspire.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

The basis of his future praise
Assisted by the Gods hath Chromius laid;
And to its height the towering pile may raise,
If Fortune lends her favourable aid:

Assur'd

Assur'd that all th' Aonian train
 Their wonted friendship will afford,
 Who with delight frequent the list'd plain,
 The toils of Virtue to record.
 Mean time around this isle, harmonious Muse!
 The brightest beams of shining verse diffuse:
 This fruitful island, with whose flowery pride
 Heaven's awful King endow'd great Pluto's beauteous
 bride.

EPODE I.

Sicilia with transcendent plenty crown'd
 Jove to Proserpina consign'd;
 Then with a nod his solemn promise bound,
 Still farther to enrich her fertile shores
 With peopled cities, stately towers,
 And sons in arts and arms refin'd;
 Skill'd to the dreadful works of war
 The thundering steed to train;
 Or mounted on the whirling carr
 Olympia's all-priz'd olive to obtain.—
 Abundant is my theme; nor need I wrong
 The fair occasion with a flattering song.

STROPHE II.

To Chromius no unwelcome guest
 I come, high sounding my Dircean chord;
 Who for his Poet hath prepar'd the feast,
 And spread with luxury his friendly board,

For

For never from his generous gate
Unentertain'd the stranger flies.
While Envy's scorching flame, that blasts the great,
Quench'd with his flowing bounty, dies.
But Envy ill becomes the human mind;
Since various parts to various men assign'd
All to perfection and to praise will lead,
Would each those paths pursue, which Nature bids him
tread.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In action thus heroick might,
In council shines the mind sagacious, wise,
Which to the future casts her piercing sight,
And sees the train of consequences rise.
With either talent Chromius blest
Suppresses not his active powers.
I hate the miser, whose unsocial breast
Locks from the world his useless stores.
Wealth by the bounteous only is enjoy'd,
Whose treasures in diffusive good employ'd
The rich returns of fame and friends procure;
And 'gainst a sad reverse, a safe retreat insure.

EPODE II.

Thy early virtues, Chromius, deck'd with praise,
And these first-fruits of Fame inspire
The Muse to promise for thy future days
A large increase of merit and renown.
So when of old Jove's mighty son,
Worthy his great immortal fire,

Forth from Alcmena's teeming bed
 With his twin-brother came,
 Safe through life's painful entrance led
 To view the dazzling Sun's reviving flame,
 Th' imperial cradle Juno quick survey'd,
 Where slept the twins in saffron bands array'd.

S T R O P H E III.

Then, glowing with immortal rage,
 The gold-enthroned Empress of the Gods
 Her eager thirst of vengeance to assuage,
 Strait to her hated rival's curs'd abodes
 Bade her vindictive serpents haste.
 They through the opening valves with speed
 On to the chamber's deep recesses past,
 To perpetrate their murderous deed:
 And now in knotty mazes to infold
 Their destin'd prey, on curling spires they roll'd,
 His dauntless brow when young Alcides rear'd,
 And for their first attempt his infant arms prepar'd.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

Fast by the azure necks he held
 And grip'd in either hand his scaly foes;
 Till from their horrid carcasses expell'd,
 At length the poisonous soul unwilling flows.
 Mean time intolerable dread
 Congeal'd each female's curdling blood,
 All who, attendant on the genial bed,
 Around the languid mother stood.

She

She with distracting fear and anguish stung,
 Forth from her sickly couch impatient sprung;
 Her cumbersome robe regardless off she threw,
 And to protect her child with fondest ardour flew.

E P O D E III.

But, with her shrill, distressful cries alarm'd,
 In rush'd each bold Cadmean Lord,
 In bra's refulgent, as to battle arm'd;
 With them Amphitryon, whose tumultuous breast
 A croud of various cares infest:
 High brandishing his gleaming sword
 With eager, anxious step he came;
 A wound so near his heart
 Shook with dismay his inmost frame,
 And rous'd the active spirits in every part.
 To our own sorrows serious heed we give;
 But for another's woe soon cease to grieve.

S T R O P H E IV.

Amaz'd the trembling father stood,
 While doubtful pleasure, mix'd with wild surprize,
 Drove from his troubled heart the vital flood:
 His son's stupendous deed with wondering eyes
 He view'd, and how the gracious will
 Of Heaven to joy had chang'd his fear
 And falsify'd the messengers of ill.
 Then strait he calls th' unerring seer,
 Divine Tiresias, whose prophetick tongue
 Jove's sacred mandates from the Tripod sung;
 Who then to all th' attentive throng explain'd
 What fate th' immortal Gods for Hercules ordain'd.

A N T I-

ANTISTROPHE IV.

What fell despoilers of the land
 The Prophet told, what monsters of the Main
 Should feel the vengeance of his righteous hand:
 What savage, proud, pernicious tyrant slain
 To Hercules should bow his head,
 Hurl'd from his arbitrary throne,
 Whose glittering pomp his curs'd ambition fed,
 And made indignant nations groan.
 Last, when the giant sons of earth shall dare
 To wage against the gods rebellious war,
 Pierc'd by his rapid shafts on Phlegra's plain
 With dust their radiant locks the haughty foe shall
 stain.

E P O D E IV.

Then shall his generous toils for ever cease,
 With fame, with endless life repaid;
 With pure tranquillity and heavenly peace:
 Then led in triumph to his stately dome,
 To grace his spousal bed shall come,
 In Beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
 Immortal Hebe, ever young.
 In Jove's august abodes
 Then shall he hear the bridal song;
 Then, in the blest society of Gods,
 The nuptial banquet share, and, rapt in praise
 And wonder, round the glittering mansion gaze.

THE

THE ELEVENTH NEMEAN ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Aristagoras, upon occasion of his entering on his office of President or Governor of the island of Tenedos; so that, although it is placed among the Nemean Odes, it has no sort of relation to those games, and is indeed properly an Inauguration-Ode, composed to be sung by a Chorus at the Sacrifices and the Feast made by Aristagoras and his colleagues, in the Town-hall, at the time of their being invested with the Magistracy, as is evident from many expressions in the first Strophe and Antistrophe.

A R G U M E N T.

Pindar opens this Ode with an invocation to Vesta (the Goddess who presided over the Courts of Justice, and whose statue and altar were for that reason placed in the Town-halls, or Prytanæums, as the Greeks called them); beseeching her to receive favourably Aristagoras and his colleagues, who were then coming to offer sacrifices to her, upon their entering on their office of Prytans or Magistrates of Tenedos; which office continuing for a year, he begs the Goddess to take Aristagoras under her protection during that time, and to conduct him to the end of it without trouble or disgrace. From Aristagoras Pindar turns himself, in the next place, to his father Arcefilas, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon

P

account

account of his son's merit and honour, as upon his own great endowments, and good fortune; such as beauty, strength, courage, riches, and glory resulting from his many victories in the games. But, lest he should be too much puffed-up with these praises, he reminds him at the same time of his mortality, and tells him that his cloathing of flesh is perishable, and that he must ere long be cloathed with earth, the end of all things; and yet, continues he, it is but justice to praise and celebrate the worthy and deserving, who from good citizens ought to receive all kinds of honour and commendation; as Aristagoras, for instance, who hath rendered both himself and his country illustrious by the many victories he hath obtained, to the number of sixteen, over the neighbouring youth, in the games exhibited in and about his own country. From whence, says the Poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious even in the Pythian and Olympick games, had he not been restrained from engaging in those famous lists by the too timid and cautious love of his parents; upon which he falls into a moral reflection upon the vanity of mens hopes and fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to attempts beyond their strength, which accordingly issue in their disgrace; as, on the other hand, they are frequently restrained by unreasonable and ill-grounded fears, from enterprizes, in which they would, in all probability, have come off with honour. This reflection he applies to Aristagoras, by saying it was very

2 easy

easy to foresee what success he was like to meet with, who both by father and mother was descended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father Arcefilas, whom he had before represented as strong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the games, he observes, that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illustrious, any more than the fields and trees are every year equally fruitful; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich years of virtue should succeed; whence it comes to pass that men, out of self-conceit and presumption, are perpetually laying schemes, and forming enterprizes, without previously consulting Prudence or Wisdom, whose streams, says he, lye remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our desires, and set bounds to our avarice and ambition; with which moral precept he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

DAUGHTER of Rhea! thou, whose holy fire
Before the awful seat of Justice flames!

Sister of Heaven's Almighty Sire!

Sister of Juno, who co-equal claims

With Jove to share the empire of the gods!

O Virgin Vesta! To thy dread abodes,

Lo! Aristagoras directs his pace!

Receive, and near thy sacred scepter place

Him, and his colleagues, who with honest zeal
O'er Tenedos preside, and guard the publick weal.

ANTISTROPHE

And lo! with frequent offerings they adore
Thee, first invok'd in every solemn prayer!
To thee unmix'd libations pour,
And fill with odorous fumes the fragrant air.
Around in festive songs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and sounding lyre.
While still, prolong'd with hospitable love,
Are solemniz'd the rites of Genial Jove:
Then guard him, Vesta, through his long career,
And let him close in joy his ministerial year.

EPODE I.

But hail, Arcefilas! all hail
To thee! blest'd father of a son so great!
Thou, whom on Fortune's highest scale
The favourable hand of Heaven hath set,
Thy manly form with beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.
Yet let not man too much presume,
Though grac'd with Beauty's fairest bloom;
Though for superior strength renown'd;
Though with triumphal chaplets crown'd:
Let him remember, that in flesh array'd
Soon shall he see that mortal vestment fade;
Till last imprison'd in the mouldering urn
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

STRO-

STROPHE II.

Yet should the worthy from the publick tongue
Receive their recompence of virtuous praise;

By every zealous patriot sung,
And deck'd with every flower of heavenly lays.
Such retribution in return for fame,
Such, Aristagoras, thy virtues claim;
Claim from thy country, on whose glorious brows
The wrestler's chaplet still unfaded blows;
Mix'd with the great Pancratiastick crown,
Which from the neighbouring youth thy early valour
won.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And (but his timid parents' cautious love,
Distrusting ever his too forward hand,
Forbade their tender son to prove
The toils of Pythia' or Olympia's sand)
Now by the gods I swear, his valorous might
Had 'scap'd victorious in each bloody fight:
And from Castalia, or where dark with shade
The Mount of Saturn rears its olive-head,
Great and illustrious home had he return'd;
While by his fame eclips'd his vanquish'd foes had
mourn'd.

EPODE II.

Then his triumphal tresses bound
With the dark verdure of th' Olympick grove,
With joyous banquets had he crown'd
The great Quinquennial Festival of Jove;

And cheer'd the solemn pomp with choral lays,
Sweet tribute, which the Muse to Virtue pays.

But, such is man's preposterous fate!

Now with o'er-weening pride elate

Too far he aims his shaft to throw,

And straining bursts his feeble bow.

Now pusillanimous, depress'd with fear,

He checks his virtue in the mid-career;

And of his strength distrustful coward flies

The contest, though impower'd to gain the prize.

STROPHE III.

But who could err in prophecying good

Of him, whose undegenerating breast

Swells with a tide of Spartan blood,

From fire to fire in long succession trac'd

Up to Pisander; who in days of yore

From old Amyclæ to the Lesbian shore

And Tenedos, collegued in high command

With great Orestes, led th' Æolian band

Nor was his mother's race less strong and brave,

Sprung from a stock that grew on fair Ismenus' wave.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Though for long intervals obscur'd, again

Oft-times the seeds of lineal worth appear.

For neither can the furrow'd plain

Full harvests yield with each returning year:

Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom

Invest the smiling tree with rich perfume.

So;

So, barren often and inglorious pass
The generations of a noble race ;
While Nature's vigour, working at the root,
In after-ages swells, and blossoms into fruit.

E P O D E III.

Nor hath Jove given us to foreknow
When the rich years of virtue shall succeed ;
Yet bold and daring on we go,
Contriving schemes of many a mighty deed.
While Hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
And self-opinion, active, rash, and blind,
Hold up a false illusive ray,
That leads our dazzled feet astray
Far from the springs, where calm and slow
The secret streams of wisdom flow.

Hence should we learn our ardour to restrain :
And limit to due bounds the thirst of gain.
To rage and madness oft that passion turns,
Which with forbidden flames despairing burns.

THE SECOND ISTHMIAN ODE.

This Ode was written upon occasion of a victory obtained in the Chariot-Race by Xenocrates of Agrigentum in the Isthmian games; it is however addressed not to Xenocrates himself, but to his son Thrasybulus; from whence, and from Pindar's always speaking of Xenocrates in the perfect tense, it is most probable it was written after the death of Xenocrates; and for this reason it has by some been reckoned among the *ἑπὶ τῷ θανάτῳ* or Elegies of Pindar.

A R G U M E N T.

THE introduction contains a sort of an apology for a Poet's taking money for his compositions; a thing, says Pindar, not practised formerly by the servants of the Muses, who drew their inspiration from love alone, and wrote only from the heart: but as the world is grown interested, so are the Poets become mercenary; observing the truth of that famous saying of Aristodemus the Spartan, "Money makes the man:" a truth, he says, which he himself experienced, having with his riches lost all his friends; and of this truth, continues Pindar, you, Thrasybulus, are not ignorant, for you are a wise man: I shall therefore say no more about

about it, but proceed to celebrate the victories of Xenocrates: after an enumeration of which, he passes on to the mention of the virtues of Xenocrates, whom he praises for his benevolence, his public spirit, his devotion to the gods, and his constant uninterrupted course of hospitality in all changes of fortune. These virtues of his father he encourages Thrasybulus not to conceal through the fear of exciting the envy of mankind; and bids Nicasippus (by whom this Ode was sent to Thrasybulus) to tell him to publish it; concluding with observing, that a Poem is not made to continue always, like an mute and motionless statue, in one place.

STROPHE I.

THEY, Thrasybulus, who in ancient days
 Triumphant mounted in the Muse's car,
 Tuning their harps to soft and tender lays,
 Aim'd their sweet numbers at the young and fair;
 Whose beauties, ripe for love, with rapturous fires
 Their wanton hearts inflam'd, and waken'd strong desires.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As yet the Muse, despising sordid gain,
 Strung not for gold her mercenary lyre:
 Nor did Terpsichore adorn her strain
 In gilded courtesy and gay attire,
 With fair appearances to move the heart,
 And recommend to sale her prostituted art.

EPODE

E P O D E I.

But now she suffers all her tuneful train
 Far other principles to hold;
 And with the Spartan Stage maintain,
 That Man is worthless without Gold.
 This truth himself by sad experience prov'd,
 Deserted in his need by those he lov'd.
 Nor to thy wisdom is this truth unknown,
 No longer therefore shall the Muse delay
 To sing the rapid steeds, and Isthmian crown,
 Which the great monarch of the briny flood
 On lov'd Xenocrates bestow'd,
 His generous cares with honour to repay.

S T R O P H E I I.

Him too, his Agrigentum's brightest star,
 Latona's son with favourable eyes
 At Crisa view'd, and bless'd his conquering car;
 Nor, when, contending for the noble prize,
 Nicomachus, on Athens' craggy plain,
 With dextrous art control'd the chariot-steering rein.

A N T I S T R O P H E I I.

Did Phoebus blame the driver's skilful hand;
 But with Athenian palms his master grac'd:
 His master, greeted in th' Olympick sand;
 And evermore with grateful zeal embrac'd
 By the great priests, whose herald voice proclaims
 Th' Elean feasts of Love, and Pisa's sacred games.

E P O D E H.

Him, on the golden lap of victory
 Reclining his illustrious head,
 They hail'd with sweetest melody;
 And through the land his glory spread,
 Through the fam'd Altis of Olympick Jove;
 Where in the honours of the sacred grove
 The children of Ænesidamus shar'd;
 For not unknown to victory and praise
 Oft, Thrasibulus, hath thy mansion heard
 The pleasing concerts of the youthful choir,
 Attemper'd to the warbling lyre,
 And the sweet mixture of triumphal lays.

S T R O P H E III.

In smooth and flowery paths th' encomiast treads,
 When to the mansions of the good and great
 In pomp the nymphs of Helicon he leads:
 Yet thee, Xenocrates, to celebrate,
 Thy all-surpassing gentleness to sing
 In equal strains, requires an all-surpassing string.

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

To all benevolent, revered, below'd,
 In every social virtue he excell'd;
 And with his conquering steeds at Corinth prov'd,
 How sacred the decrees of Greece he held;
 With equal zeal th' immortals he ador'd,
 And spread with frequent feasts his consecrated board.

E P O D E

EPODE III.

Nor did he e'er when rose a stormy gale

Relax his hospitable course,

Or gather in his swelling sail:

But, finding ever some resource

The fierce extremes of fortune to allay,

Held on with equal pace his constant way.

Permit not then, through dread of envious tongues,

Thy father's worth to be in silence lost;

Nor from the publick keep these choral songs.

Not in one corner is the Poet's strain

Form'd, like a statue, to remain,

This, Nicasippus, tell my honour'd host.

EPIGRAM III.

ANTISTROPHE III.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE
ARGONAUTICKS
OF
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS,
AND THE SETTING OUT OF THE ARGO.

THEN too the jarring heroes to compose
Th' enchanting Bard, Oeagrian Orpheus rose,
And thus, attuning to the trembling strings:
His soothing voice, of harmony he sings.

In the beginning how heaven, earth, and sea,
In one tumultuous chaos blended lay;
Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
And beauteous order from disorder rose:
How roll'd incessant o'er th' ethereal plain
Move in eternal dance the starry train;
How the pale orb of night, and golden sun,
Through months and years their radiant journeys run;
Whence rose the mountains clad with waving woods,
The rushing rivers, and resounding floods,

With

With all their nymphs; from what celestial seed
The various tribes of animals proceed.

Next how Ophion held his ancient reign,
With his fam'd consort, daughter of the main:

On high Olympus' snowy head enthron'd,

The new-created world their empire own'd:

Till force superior, and successful war,

Divested of their crowns the regal pair;

On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,

And with his consort's glories Rhea grac'd.

Thence to old Ocean's watery kingdoms hurl'd

Thus they resign'd the sceptre of the world:

And Saturn rul'd the bless'd Titanian gods,

While infant Jove possess'd the dark abodes

Of Diète's cave; his mind yet uninform'd

With heavenly wisdom, and his hand unarm'd:

Forg'd by the Cyclops, earth's gigantic race,

Flam'd not as yet the lightning's scorching blaze,

Nor roar'd the thunder through the realms above,

The strength and glory of almighty Jove.

This said, the tuneful Bard his lyre unstrung,

And ceas'd th' enchanting music of his tongue.

But, with the sound entranc'd, th' attentive ear

Thought him still singing, still stood fix'd to hear.

In silent rapture every chief remains,

And feels within his heart the thrilling strains.

Forthwith the bowl they crown with rosy wine,

And pay due honours to the power divine.

The pure libations on the fire they pour,

While rising flames the mystick tongues devour.

Now

Now sable night ascends her starry throne,
And Argo's chiefs her drowsy influence own.
But when the bright-ey'd morning rear'd her head,
And look'd o'er Pelion's summits ting'd with red;
Light skimm'd the breezes o'er the watery plain,
And gently swell'd the fluctuating main.
Then Tiphys rose, and, summon'd by his care,
Embark'd the heroes, and their oars prepare.
Portentous now along the winding shores
Hoarse-sounding Pagasæan Neptune roars.
Impatient Argo the glad signal took,
While from her vocal keel loud murmurs broke;
Her keel of sacred oak divinely wrought
Itonian Pallas from Didona brought.

On their allotted posts now rang'd along
In seemly order fate the princely throng:
Fast by each chief his glittering armour flames;
The midmost station bold Anceus claims,
With great Alcides, whose enormous might
Arm'd with a massy club provokes the fight,
Now plac'd beside him: in the yielding flood
The keel deep-sinking feels the demi-god.

Their haufers now they loose, and on the brine
To Neptune pour the consecrated wine.
Then from his native shores sad Jason turns
His oft-reverted eye, and silent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphick Fane,
Or where Ismenus laves Bœotia's plain,
Apollo's Altars round, the youthful choir,
The dance according with the sounding lyre,

The

The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in measure their harmonious feet :
Together so Thessalia's princes sweep
With well-tim'd oars the silver-curling deep.
While, raising high the Thracian harp, presides
Melodious Orpheus and the movement guides.
On either side the dashing surges broke,
And fierce remurmur'd to each mighty stroke;
Thick flash'd the brazen arms with streaming light,
While the swift bark pursues her rapid flight,
And ever as the sea-green tide she cleaves,
Foams the long tract behind, and whitens all the
waves :

So shines the path, across some verdant plain
Trac'd by the footsteps of the village swain.

Jove on that day from his celestial throne,
And all th' immortal powers of heaven look'd down,
The godlike chiefs and Argo to survey
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too on Pelion's cloud-top'd summit stood
The nymphs and fauns and sisters of the wood,
With wonder viewing the tall pine below,
That shaded once the mountain's shaggy brow,
Now fram'd by Pallas o'er the sounding sea
Thessalia's mighty heroes to convey.
But, lo ! from Pelion's highest cliff descends,
And downward to the sea his footsteps bends
The Centaur Chiron ; on the beach he stood
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the hoary flood.

Then

Then waving his broad hand, the bark he hales,
 And speeds with prosperous vows the parting sails.
 With him advanc'd his consort to the shore;
 The young Achilles in her arms she bore:
 Then, raising high in air the pleasing load,
 To his fond fire the smiling infant shew'd.

THE STORY OF PHINEUS.

THE following day Bithynia's coast they reach,
 And fix their hausers to the sheltering beach.
 There on the margin of the beating flood
 The mournful mansions of sad Phineus stood,
 Agenor's son; whom heaven ordain'd to bear
 The grievous burden of unequal'd care.
 For taught by wise Apollo to descry
 Th' unborn events of dark futurity,
 Vain of his science, the presumptuous seer
 Deign'd not Jove's awful secrets to revere;
 But wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
 The sacred purpose of th' omniscient mind.
 Hence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
 But quench'd in endless shade his visual rays.
 Nor would the vengeful God permit him taste
 The chearful blessings of the genial feast;
 Though the large tribute of the nations round
 Their prophet's board with wealth and plenty crown'd.
 For, lo! descending sudden from the sky,
 Round the pil'd banquet shrieking harpies fly,

Q

Who

Who with rapacious claws incessant tear
 Forth from his famish'd lips th' untasted fare.
 Yet would some slender pittance oft remain,
 What might suffice to keep up life and pain.
 But then such odours the foul scraps exhal'd,
 That with the stench the loathing stomach fail'd,
 Aloof the hungry guests and wondering stood
 While their sick hearts abhorr'd the putrid food.
 But now the princely crew approaching near,
 The welcome sound invades the prophet's ear.
 Taught by th' inspiring God that now was come
 The long-wish'd period of heaven's vengeful doom,
 That by these heroes destin'd aid restor'd,
 Peace should thenceforward bless his feastful board.
 Then heaves he from the couch his haggard head,
 Like some pale, lifeless, visionary shade,
 And leaning on his staff with faltering steps,
 Along the walls his way exploring creeps.
 Diseas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,
 Trembled his tottering limbs as forth he pass'd.
 Shrunken was his form, adust with want and care,
 And bursting through his hide the pointed bones appear.
 But faint and breathless as he reach'd the gate,
 Down on the threshold over-toil'd he fate.
 In dizzy fumes involv'd, his brain runs round,
 And swims beneath his feet the solid ground.
 No more their functions the frail senses keep,
 And speechless sinks the seer in death-like sleep.
 This saw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round;
 When from his labouring lungs a hollow sound,

With

TRANSLATIONS.

3277

With breath and utterance scarce recover'd broke,
 And thus th' enlighten'd seer prophetic spoke:
 " Princes of Greece, attend; if ye be they
 Whom o'er the main Thessalia's pines convey,
 And Jason leads to Colchos' magic land,
 Such is your cruel tyrant's stern command.
 Yes, ye be they; for yet my mental eye
 Undimm'd past, present, future, can descry.
 Thanks to thy son, Latona, who bestows
 This grace, this only solace of my woes.
 By Jove, to whom the suppliant's cause belongs,
 Who hates the merciless, who avenges wrongs,
 By Phœbus, by Saturnia wife of Jove,
 By all the bless'd immortal powers above,
 Who lead you o'er the main with watchful care,
 O help! O save from famine and despair
 A wretch ill-fated, to affliction born,
 Nor leave me here unpitied and forlorn.
 For not these orbs alone depriv'd of sight
 Vindictive heaven hath veil'd in doleful night;
 But to extreme old age his cruel law
 Dooms me th' unwasting thread of life to draw,
 Nor end my sorrows here; a heavy chain
 Of woes succeeds, and pain still link'd to pain.
 From secret haunts ærial, unexplor'd,
 Flights of devouring harpies vex my board.
 Swift, instantaneous, sudden they descend,
 And from my mouth the tasteful morsel rend.
 Mean while my troubled soul, with woes oppress'd,
 No means of aid, no comfort can suggest.

For when the feast I purpose to prepare,
 They see that purpose, and prevent my care.
 But cloy'd and glutted with the luscious spoil
 With noisome ordure parting they defile
 Whate'er remains, if ought perchance remain,
 That none approaching may the stench sustain,
 Though his strong heart were wrapt in plated mail,
 The filthy fragments such dire steams exhale:
 Yet me fell hunger's all subduing pain
 Compells, reluctant, loathing, to remain;
 Compells the deadly odours to endure,
 And gorge the craving maw with food impure.
 From these invaders (so hath fate decreed)
 By Boreas' offspring shall my board be freed,
 Nor on a stranger to your house and blood,
 O sons of Boreas, is your aid bestow'd.
 Phineus behold, Agenor's hapless son,
 Once for prophetic skill and riches known;
 Who, while I sway'd the Thracian sceptre, led
 Your dower'd sister to my spousal bed.
 Here Phineus ceas'd, each pitying hero groans,
 But chief, O Boreas, thy relenting sons
 Feel kind compassion swelling in their souls,
 While down their cheeks the generous torrent flows.
 Then Zetes near approaching, closely press'd
 His hand, and thus the laboring seer address'd:
 O most disastrous of all human kind,
 Whence sprung the evils that o'erwhelm thy mind?
 Hast thou, intrusted with the book of fate,
 By folly merited celestial hate?

Hence

Hence falls this indignation on thy head;
 Fain would the sons of Boreas grant thee aid;
 Fain would they execute what heaven ordains,
 But awful dread their willing hands restrains.
 To frighted mortals well thy sufferings prove,
 How fierce the vengeance of the gods above.
 Then swear, or never shall this righteous sword,
 Though drawn for thy deliverance, aid afford;
 Swear, that th' assistance which our arms shall lend,
 Shall no immortal angry God offend.
 He spoke; when straight tow'rd heaven disclosing wide
 His fightless balls, the senior thus reply'd:

My son, th' injustice of thy tongue restrain,
 Nor let such thoughts thy pious soul profane:
 By Phœbus, heavenly Augur, who inspires
 My conscious bosom with prophetic fires;
 By this my wretched lot of woe and care
 These eyes involv'd in darkening clouds, I swear,
 By the fell dæmons of the realms below,
 Whom ever unpropitious may I know,
 From their resentments not in death secure,
 If falsely their dread godheads I adjure:
 That your assisting hands shall never move
 Wrath or displeasure in the powers above.

Then acquiescing in the solemn prayer,
 To aid the prophet Boreas' sons prepare.
 The ready youth a banquet spread, the last
 That those fell harpies were decreed to taste:
 Nigh stand the brothers, ardent to oppose
 With glittering faulchions their invading foes.

But scarce the first sweet morsel Phineus took,
 When from the clouds with swift prevention broke,
 Swift as the lightning's glance, or stormy blast
 Whose rapid fury lays the forest waste,
 Shrill clamouring for their prey the birds obscene,
 The watchful heroes shouting rush'd between;
 But they with speediest rage the cates devour'd,
 And round intolerable odours pour'd;
 Then o'er th' Ægean far away they flew;
 Upspringing swift with threatening blades pursue
 The feather'd chiefs. That day Saturnius steel'd
 Their vigorous nerves with force untaught to yield;
 And did not Jove their wearying strength sustain,
 Their sitting pinions had they spread in vain:
 For when to Phineus furious they repair,
 Or quitting Phineus seek the fields of air,
 The light-wing'd monsters, swifter than the wind,
 Leave the impetuous zephyrs far behind.
 As when the hound experienc'd in the chase,
 Through some wide forest o'er the scented grass
 A bounding hind or horned goat pursues,
 And near his panting prey, and nearer views;
 Eager he stretches the short space to gain,
 And, snapping, grinds his gnashing fangs in vain:
 So ever-near th' insulting chiefs pursued;
 The harpies so their catching hands elude.
 But now far off in the Sicilian main,
 By the wing'd brothers, sons of Boreas, slain,
 The race of harpies (though heaven disallow'd)
 Had stain'd the Plotian isles with sacred blood;

Their

Their fore distress had Iris not survey'd,
And darting from the skies the heroes staid.
O sons of Boreas, the dread laws above
Permit ye not to wound the Dogs of Jove.
And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
Shall those fell Dogs approach Bithynia's shore.
This said, adjuring the tremendous floods,
Most fear'd, most honour'd by th' immortal gods:
By the slow-dripping urn of Styx she swore,
The prophet's peaceful mansions evermore
From those rapacious spoilers should be free;
Such was the fatal sister's fixt decree.
The goddesses sware, the brothers straight obey,
And back to Argo wing their airy way.
The Strophades from thence derive their name,
The Plotian islands styl'd by antient fame.
Then part the harpies and Thaumantian maid,
In thousand various mingling dyes array'd.
These to the grotts retir'd and dark retreat
Of Dicte's caverns in Minoian Crete.
While the gay goddesses of the watery bow
Gain'd in a moment high Olympus' brow.

Mean while the princes in the cleansing wave
With purifying rites the senior lave.
Next from the spoil, which on Bybricia's shore
From vanquish'd Amycus stern Pollux tore,
A victim they select with pious care;
And soothe the gods with sacrifice and prayer.
Then in the palace each heroic guest
Partakes the pleasures of the sumptuous feast.

With them fate Phineus, and refresh'd his soul
 With savory viands and the chearing bowl.
 Unsatiated he feeds, and bathes in streams
 Of extasy beyond the bliss of dreams.

THE HYMN OF *CLEANTHES.

O UNDER various sacred names ador'd
 Divinity supreme! all potent lord!
 Author of nature! whose unbounded sway
 And legislative power all things obey!
 Majestic Jove! all hail! To thee belong
 The suppliant prayer, and tributary song:
 To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
 From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
 Whatever lives and moves, great fire! is thine,
 Embodied portions of the soul divine.
 Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
 And of thy wondrous power for ever sing.
 The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
 That round this earthly sphere incessant move,

Through

* Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a Stoick philosopher, a disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philosophical poems. This hymn was translated at the request of a very learned and ingenious friend of mine, who was pleased to find such just sentiments of the Deity in a Heathen, and so much poetry in a philosopher.

HYMN OF CLEANTHES. 233

Through all this boundless world admit thy sway,
 And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the way.
 Such is the awe impress'd on nature round
 When through the void thy dreadful thunders sound,
 Those flaming agents of thy matchless power:
 Astonish'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
 Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
 Ruling that reason which through all convey'd
 Informs this general mass, thou reign'st ador'd,
 Supreme, unbounded, universal lord.
 For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
 Nor yon æthereal pole, the seat of gods,
 Is aught perform'd without thy aid divine;
 Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
 Vice is the act of man, by passion tost,
 And in the shoreless sea of folly lost.
 But thou, what vice disorders, canst compose;
 And profit by the malice of thy foes;
 So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
 As hence to model one harmonious whole:
 One universal law of truth and right;
 But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light;
 And, though to bliss directing still their choice,
 Hear not, or heed not, reason's sacred voice,
 That common guide ordain'd to point the road
 That leads obedient man to solid good.
 Thence quitting Virtue's lovely paths they rove,
 As various objects various passions move.
 Some through opposing crowds and threatening war
 Seek power's bright throne, and fame's triumphal car.
 Some,

Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain
 Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest gain:
 While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
 Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.
 But, O great father, thunder-ruling god!
 Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode!
 Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
 Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!
 The clouds of vice and folly, O control;
 And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul!
 Those radiant beams, by whose all-piercing flame
 Thy justice rules this universal frame.
 That, honour'd with a portion of thy light,
 We may essay thy goodness to requite
 With honorary songs and grateful lays,
 And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless praise,
 The proper task of man: and sure to sing
 Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king,
 Is bliss supreme. Let gods with mortals join!
 The subject may transport a breast divine.

4 AP 54

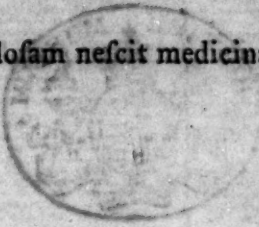
THE

THE
DIALOGUES
TR I U M P H S
OF THE
G O O U T.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF

L U C I A N.

"Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram." OVID.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GODDESS OF THE GOVT. MESSENGER.

OCYPUS.

MOUNTEBANKS.

PHYSICIAN.

CHORUS.

NURSE. SPIRITS.

SCENE LIES IN THEBES.



T H E
T R I U M P H S O F T H E G O U T .

S C E N E , A C H A M B E R .

Enter OCYPUS * lame, and leaning on the Nurse.

Ocyp. **W**HENCE, without wound, proceeds this
horrid pain,
That robs me of the assistance of my feet?
While, like a bow-string by the forceful arm
Of some bold archer strain'd, the cracking sinews
Labour and stretch; and force me to complain,
That length of time but strengthens the disease.

Nur.

* Ocypus, the son of Podalirius and Aftasia, was eminent for his strength and beauty, a great lover of hunting, and all gymnastick exercises. This young man, having been accustomed to insult and deride whomsoever he saw grievously afflicted with the gout, telling them at the same time that their pains were nothing, brought upon himself the indignation of the goddess who presides over that distemper, and was at last, by the violence of the disease, driven to a recantation. Lucian had composed an entire drama upon this subject; but as only the beginning of this piece remains, I have translated it, and, with very little alteration in either, have made it a part of his other drama, whose subject is the triumph of the gout over physic.

- Nur.* Raise thyself up, my son, nor bear so hard,
Lest, helpless as thou art, with thee I fall.
- Ocup.* Less weighty then, to humour thee, I'll lean,
And rest upon my foot, and bear my pain.
For shame it is, that youth should ask the aid
Of such a prating, old, decrepit wretch.
- Nur.* Forbear, vain boy, thy scoffing insolence.
Nor vaunt too much thy youth; for well thou
know'st,
In sickness youth is impotent as age.
Be govern'd; for this arm should I withdraw,
Thou fall'st, while my old feet unshaken stand.
- Ocup.* But if thou fall'st, through age thou fall'st, not
sickness:
- Old age is weak, though prompt and willing ever—
- Nur.* Leave arguing; and tell me by what chance
This pain hath got possession of thy toe.
- Ocup.* As in the course I exercis'd, awry
My ankle turn'd, and thence the pain ensued.
- Nur.* Why, as the fellow said, who careless sat
Clipping his grisley beard, then run again.
- Ocup.* Or wrestling might I not the hurt receive,
When lock'd together were our grappling limbs?
- Nur.* A trusty champion by my troth thou art,
If all thy fury light upon thyself.
But this is a mere circle of evasions.
And I myself the like discourse have held
In former times, and try'd to varnish o'er,
Ev'n to my dearest friends, th' unpleasing truth;
But

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 239

But now when every swelling member speaks,
And burning dolours torture thy whole body —

Enter PHYSICIAN.

Phy. O! where is Ocypus, illustrious youth?
For lame, I hear, are his victorious feet.
And therefore to assist him am I come.
But see! where, careless on the couch diffus'd,
Supine he lies! — Heaven grant thee health, my son,
And to thy feet restore their wonted strength.
Declare to me, O Ocypus, the cause

• Of thy complaint: perhaps my powerful art
May for thy anguish find some quick relief.

Ocyp. Intolerable pain my foot consumes.

Phy. Whence came it? how? what accident? explain.

Ocyp. Or in the straining race, or haply while
My gymnick exercises I perform'd,
Some hurt from my companions I receiv'd.

Phy. Then where 's the sore and angry inflammation?
And why no fomentation on the part?

Ocyp. The woollen bandage I abhor.

Nur.

Alas!

How baneful is the pride of handsome looks!

Phy. What therefore must be done? shall I lay open
Thy tumid foot? But, Ocypus, be sure
If once I seize upon it, I shall drain,
At many bleeding wounds, thy arteries.

Ocyp. Put all thy new devices now in practice,
So from this horrid pain my foot be freed.

Phy. Then, lo! my steely instrument I draw,
This crooked, sharp, blood-thirsting instrument.

Ocyp.

Ocy. Hey! ho!

Nur.

Physician, what dost thou intend?

Would'st thou with sharp incisions vex him more?
 And, without knowing why, his foot endanger?
 He hath abus'd thee with an idle tale.
 For neither in the straining race, nor while
 His gymnick exercises he perform'd,
 From his companions did he hurt receive.
 Then listen to my tale. Healthful he came,
 And all unwounded home; and greedily
 The evening feast devour'd, and drain'd the bowl;
 Then falling on the couch securely slept.
 But at midnight awaking, loud he roar'd,
 As smitten by some god: fear seiz'd us all.
 And, Oh! he cried, whence came this dire mischance?
 Some torturing dæmon seizes on my foot.
 Thus on his couch up-sitting all night long
 His foot in sad solemnity he moan'd.
 But when the cock's shrill-sounding trump proclaims
 The dawning day, lamenting forth he comes,
 And on my shoulder leans his feverish hand,
 While his disabled footsteps I upheld.
 All that he told thee is a forg'd device
 To veil the secret of his dire disease,
 Which now in every limb begins to rack him,
 Nor yet is able to extort the truth.

Ocy. Old age is ever arm'd with mighty words;
 Vaunting in speech, but impotent in action.

He, who when sick his nursing friends deceives,

Like

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 141

Like the starv'd wretch that hungry maffick *
chews,

But cheats himself, and fosters his disease.

Phy. Thou cheatest all; now that, now saying this,
Confessing pain, but not explaining what.

Ocyp. And how shall I explain it? I indeed
Know that I suffer pain; and that is all.

Phy. When pain, without apparent cause, invades
The swelling foot, a man may please himself
In hunting after this and that solution,
But can't mistake the nature of his evil.
And now hear this, howe'er-unpleasing truth,
At length, with vengeance due, 'tis come upon thee.

Ocyp. It? what? alas! what terrible disease,
That needs such preface to its horrid name?

Nur. The gout, O wretched Ocypus, whose pangs
And gnawing tortures thou didst once deride.

Ocyp. But what, O skilful artist, what say'st thou?

Phy. Farewell, to serve thee I neglect myself.

Ocyp. What accident or business calls thee hence?

Phy. Into a cureless evil thou art fall'n.

Ocyp. Must I then, ever lame, tormented ever,
Drag on a life of everlasting woe?

R

Phy.

* Maffick is a great strengthener of the stomach, and consequently promotes appetite; which to a man dying of hunger is so far from being a relief, that it rather increases his complaint; this I take to be the meaning of this passage.

Phy. Fear not: thou shalt not be for ever lame,

Ocy. What worse have I to fear?

Phy. On either leg

Her galling fetters will the goddess bind.

Ocy. Alas! in t'other sympathizing foot

Methinks I feel a new unusual pain.

Or am I motionless? Or wherefore dread I *[rising up]*

To place these once so nimble feet on earth?

Seiz'd like a child with vain and sudden fear:

Now by the gods, th' immortal gods, I beg,

If aught thy art suggest of aid or comfort,

Thy friendly help impart, and heal my pain,

Or surely I shall die: within I feel

The secret venom, and the thrilling arrow

That pierces through my feet, and tears my sinews.

Phy. Not to amuse thee with unmeaning words,

Like some of those who call themselves physicians,

But of the healing science nothing know,

I'll briefly shew the state of thy complaint:

An unfurmountable and strong disease

Is fall'n upon thee: bonds more hard and stubborn

Than those steel-temper'd shackles, which the hand

Of justice fixes on the bold offender:

A dreadful, undiscover'd, secret ill,

Whose burden human nature scarce can bear.

Ocy. Alas! oh! oh! what inward smart is this,

That penetrates my foot? oh! on thy arm

Support me, ere I fall; and lead me on

As the young Satyrs reeling Bacchus lead.

[falls on the couch.]

Phy.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 243

Phy. There leave him on the couch; refreshing sleep
His much-exhausted spirits will recruit.

Exeunt Nurse and Physician.

COCYBUS solus.

Cocyp. O horrid name! detested by the gods!

Gout, rueful gout! of sad Cocytus born!

Whom in the mirky caves of Tartarus

The fiend Megæra in her womb conceiv'd,

And nourish'd at her breast: Alecto too

With her fell milk the wayward infant fed.

But oh! what god brought thy disastrous power

To taint this light, and harraßs human-kind?

If punishment condign pursue the dead,

For crimes committed in their days of nature,

What need was there in Pluto's dreary realms

With streams forbidden Tantalus to vex?

To whirl Ixion on the giddy wheel?

And weary Sisyphus with fruitless toil?

It sure had been sufficient punishment

Had each offender the sharp pains endur'd,

That tear this meagre miserable carcase:

While through th' obstructed pores the struggling
vapour

And bitter distillation-force their way.

Ev'n through the bowels runs the scalding plague,

And wastes the flesh with floods of eddying fire.

So rage the flames in Ætna's sulphurous womb:

So 'twixt Charybdis and vex'd Scylla rave

Th' imprison'd tides, and in wild whirlpools toß'd

Re-ent'ring Dash'd

dash'd 'gainst the mouldering rocks the foaming
 surge.

O evil unexplor'd! how oft in vain

We fondly try to mitigate thy woes,

And find no comfort, by false hopes abus'd. [*Sleeps.*]

SCENE changes, and discovers the Chorus, consisting
 of Gouty Men and Women, marching in Procession to
 the Temple of the Gout, with Music and Dancing.

C H O R U S.

To tender Attis, beardless boy,

The howling Phrygian throng

On Cybele's high mountain chant

Th' enthusiastic song.

On yellow Tmolus' flowery top

The Lydian youth around

For Comus mix the warbling voice

And flute's melodious sound.

With clashing arms, in frantick mood,

The mad Idæan train

Attempter to the Cretan dance

Their holy ritual strain.

To Mars, the furious god of war,

The swelling trumpets breathe,

Preluding to contentious strife,

To battle, blood, and death.

But we, O Gout, afflictive power!

We thy sad votaries,

In sighs and groans to thee perform

Our annual sacrifice;

When

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 245

When usher'd by the blushing hours

The genial spring appears;

And every flower-embroider'd vale

Its verdant mantle wears:

When zephyr on each pregnant tree

Calls forth the tender leaves;

And her sad nest the swallow builds

Beneath the friendly eaves:

When in the grove, at midnight hour,

Disconsolate, alone,

For Itys lost th' Athenian bird

Renews her plaintive moan.

[Exit Chorus.]

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

OCCYPUS *solus*.

Ocyp. Come, O my comfort, my supporter, come,

My staff, my third best leg, O! now uphold

My tottering footsteps, and direct my way,

That lightly on the earth my foot may tread.

Wretch, from thy pallet raise thy heavy limbs,

And quit the cover'd closeness of the room.

Dispel the cloud, that weighs thy eyelids down,

In open day, and in the golden sun

On purer air thy enliven'd spirit feast.

For now my willing mind invites me forth;

But the weak flesh refuses to comply.

Be resolute, my soul; for well thou know'st,

The gouty wretch, that would but cannot move,
Ought to be number'd with th' inactive dead.

Come on.

Exit OCYPUS.

SCENE changes.

Enter OCYPUS, who discovers the CHORUS before a Temple offering Sacrifices to the Gout, with Musick and Dancing. Dance.

Ocyp. — But who are they, whose hands with crutches
fill'd,

Whose tossing heads with eldern garlands bound,

Seem in wild dance some feast to celebrate?

Do they to thee, Apollo, Pæans sing?

Then would the Delphick laurel shade their brows.

Or chant they rather Bacchanalian hymns?

Then would their temples be with ivy wreath'd.

Whence are ye, strangers? speak: the truth declare.

Declare, O friends, what deity ye worship.

Chor. But who art thou, that mak'st us this demand?

Thou too, as from thy crutch may be inferr'd,

And hobbling pace, thou art a votary

Of the invincible divinity.

Ocyp. I am; nor am unworthy of the name.

Chorus. When Cyprian Venus, queen of love,

In pearly dews fell from above,

Nereus amass'd her scatter'd frame,

And form'd the fair-proportion'd dame.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 247

Fast by the fountains of the deep,
Where on their ouze the furies sleep,
On her broad bosom Tethys laid
The partner of Jove's regal bed.

Minerva, virgin bold and wise,
From the great Monarch of the Skies,
Saturnian Jove, her birth receiv'd,
In his immortal brain conceiv'd.

But old Ophion, hoary god,
Our goddess's first embrac'd;
First in his fond paternal arms
The mighty infant plac'd.

What time primæval Chaos ceas'd,
And Night eternal fled;
Bright rose the morning, and the sun
His new-born radiance shed.

Then from the womb of Fate sprung forth
The Gout's tremendous power,
Heaven with portentous thunders rung,
And hail'd her natal hour.

Clotho receiv'd and swath'd the babe,
Thence at the streaming breast
Of Wealth by fostering Plutus fed,
Her awful force increas'd.

Ocyf. Say by what rites mysterious to her altar
Doth the dread power her votaries admit?

R 4

Cha.

Cho. Nor * with the biting steel ourselves we wound,
 Or sprinkle with our blood the hallow'd ground :
 Nor are our necks with galling collars worn ;
 Or livid backs with sounding scourges torn :
 Nor at the altar, when the victim dies,
 Gorge we the raw and bleeding sacrifice :
 But when the Spring the rising sap impells,
 And the young elm with genial moisture swells.
 When in the hedges on the budding spray
 The black-bird modulates her various lay :
 Then unperceiv'd she drives her piercing dart,
 And wounds the inmost sense with secret smart ;
 The hip, the nervous thigh, the ankles swell,
 The bending knee, and firm-supporting heel :
 The strong-knit shoulder and the sinewy arm,
 And hand mechanick, feel th' intestine harm,
 Through every joint the thrilling anguish pours,
 And gnaws, and burns, and tortures, and devours ;
 Till length of suffering the dire power appease,
 And the fierce torments at her bidding cease.

Oryp. Unweeting then her votary am I.
 Thou, goddess, gentle and benign, approach !
 And I, with these thy votaries, will begin
 Thy sacred, solemn, customary song.

[Dance.

* The Chorns here allude to several religious ceremonies performed by several Priests to their Gods. The Scripture mentions the Priests of Baal cutting and flashing themselves with knives, &c.

Chorus.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 249

Chorus. Thou air, be still; thou sky, serene;
 Thy groans, thou gouty wretch, forbear:
 Propt on her staff, behold the Queen
 Deigns at our altars to appear!

[The Goddess of the Gout descends or enters.]

Hail! gentlest of the heavenly powers!

Propitious on thy servants smile;
 And grant in Spring's fermenting hours
 A quick deliverance from our toil.

Godd. Lives there on earth to whom I am unknown,
 Unconquerable queen of mighty woes?
 Whom nor the fuming censer can appease,
 Nor victim's blood on blazing altars pour'd.
 Me not Apollo's self with all his drugs,
 High Heaven's divine Physician, can subdue;
 Nor his learn'd son, wise Æsculapius.
 Yet, ever since the race of man begun,
 All have essay'd my fury to repel,
 Racking th' invention of still-baffled physick.
 Some this receipt 'gainst me, some that explore.
 Plantane they bruise, the parsley's odorous herb,
 The lenient lettuce, and the purslain wild.
 These bitter horehound, and the watery plant
 That on the verdant banks of rivers grows;
 Those nettles crush, and comfrey's viscid root,
 And pluck the lentils in the standing pools.
 Some parsnips, some the glossy leaf apply
 That shades the downy peach, benumbing henbane,
 The poppies soothing gum, th' emollient bulb,
 Rind of the Punick apple, fleawort hot,

The

The costly frankincense, and searching root
 Of potent hellebore, soft fenugreek
 Temper'd with rosy wine, collamphacum,
 Nitre and spawn of frogs, the Cypress-cone,
 And meal of bearded barley, and the leaf
 Of colworts unprepar'd, and ointments made
 Of pickled garus, and (O vain conceit !)
 The dung of mountain-goats, and human ordure,
 The flower of beans, and hot sarcophagus.
 The poisonous ruddock * some, and shrew-mouse
 boil,
 The weasel some, the frog, the lizard green,
 The fell hyæna, and the wily fox,
 And branching stone-buck † bearded like a goat.
 What kind of metals have ye left untry'd ?
 What juice ? what weeping tree's medicinal tear ?
 What beasts, what animals, have not bestow'd
 Their bones, or nerves, or hides, or blood, or marrow,
 Or milk, or fat, or excrement, or urine ?
 The draught of four ingredients some compose,
 Some eight, but more from seven expect relief ;
 Some from the purging hiera seek their cure,
 On mystick verses vainly some depend ;
 The tricking Jew gulls other fools with charms ;
 While to the cooling fountains others fly,
 And in the crystal current seek for health.

But

* A kind of red land-toad.

† A beast with shaggy hair and a beard like a goat,
 but otherwise like a stag.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 255

But to all these fell anguish I denounce,
 To all who tempt me ever more severe.
 But they who patiently my visit take,
 Nor seek to combat me with anodynes,
 Still find me gentle and benevolent.
 For in my rites whoe'er participates,
 His tongue with eloquence I strait endow,
 And teach him with facetious wit to please,
 A merry, gay, jocular companion boon:
 Round whom the noisy croud incessant laugh,
 As to the baths the crippled wretch is borne.
 For that dire Até, of whom Homer sings,
 That dreaded powerful deity am I:
 Who on the heads of men insulting tread,
 And silent, soft, and unobserv'd, approach.
 But as from me the acid drop descends,
 The drop of anguish, I the Gout am call'd.
 Now then, my votaries all, my orgies sing,
 And praise with hymns th' unconquerable goddess.

Chorus. Hear, stubborn virgin, fierce and strong,
 Impracticable maid!
 O listen to our holy song!
 And grant thy servants aid!

Thy power, imperious dame, dismays
 The Monarch of the Dead,
 And strikes the Ruler of the seas
 And thundering Jove with dread.

Thrice

Thée soft reposing beds delight
 And flannels warm embrace,
 And bandag'd legs nor swift in flight,
 Nor victors in the race.

Thy flames the tumid ankles feel,
 The finger maim'd, the burning heel,
 And toe that dreads the ground.
 Thy pains unclos'd our eye-lids keep,
 Or grant at best tumultuous sleep
 And slumbers never found.

Thy cramps our limbs distort,
 Thy knots our joints invade:
 Such is thy cruel sport!
 Inexorable maid!

Enter Messenger, with two Mountebanks bound.

Mef. O! Mistress, opportunely art thou met.

Attend; no vain or idle tale I bring,
 But well supported by authentick facts.
 As through the town (for so thou didst enjoin)
 With slow and gentle pace I lately rang'd,
 Searching if haply I might chance to find
 A mortal bold enough to brave thy power;
 There quiet all, and patient, I beheld,
 Subdued, O goddess, by thy mighty arm.
 All but these two presumptuous daring wretches,
 Who to the gaping crowd with oaths deny'd
 To pay due reverence to thy deity,
 Boasting that they would banish thee from earth:

Where-

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 253

Wherefore with fetters strong their legs I bound
And after five days march have brought them hither,
A weary march of twice five hundred feet.

Godd. Swift hast thou come, my winged messenger.
Say, from what regions, through what rugged paths,
Hast thou thy tedious longsome way pursued?
Explain, that I may comprehend thy speed?

Mef. Five stairs, whose weak and dislocated frame
Trembled beneath my tread, descending down,
First to the level pavement I arriv'd,
That 'gainst my feet its jarring surface turn'd;
Which having with uneasy footsteps cross'd,
I enter'd next the rough and flinty street,
Whose pointed stones the gouty foot abhors:
Here meeting with a smooth, though slippery path,
I hurried on, but with back-sliding haste,
The trodden slime my tottering ankle turn'd.
Thus as I journey'd, down on every side
The streaming sweat descended, and my legs
Faint and relax'd no longer firmly trod.

Thence laboring in each limb, and overtoild,
A broad, but dangerous way receiv'd me next:
For on each hand the whirling chariots flew,
And urg'd, and press'd, and drove me faster on:
But I with nimble action ply'd my feet,
And quick into an alley stept aside,
Till every rattling hasty wheel was pass'd.
For, as to thee, O goddess, I belong'd,
Thy votary, I ought not, could not run.

Godd.

Godd. Servant, thou hast not well perform'd in vain,
 Nor shall thy prompt obedience want reward.
 In recompence this pleasing boon receive,
 Three years of light and gentler pains to bear.
 But ye, most impious heaven-abandon'd villains,
 What and whence are ye, that so proudly dare
 The lists to enter with the mighty Gout,
 Whose power not Jove himself can overcome?
 Speak, wretches—many a hero have I tam'd,
 As all the wise and learn'd can testify.
 Priam * was gouty, as old Poets sing,
 And by the Gout the swift Achilles fell.
 Bellerophon, and Thebes' unhappy Lord,
 The mighty Oedipus, my prowess own'd,
 And, of maim'd Pelops' race, young Plisthenes.
 He too, who led to Troy his warrior bands,
 The halting son of Pæas, felt my dart,
 And by my dart the † Lord of Ithaca,

Not

* *Priam was gouty, &c.*] Lucian had this circumstance from some secret histories that are not come down to us; or possibly there may be some conceit which we do not understand, since one cannot help thinking that he alludes to the lameness of Philoctetes, which he got by the fall of one of Hercules's arrows on his foot; and to the wound which Achilles received in his heel from Paris, which wound was the occasion of his death.

† Telegonus, the son of Ulysses by Circe, coming to Ithaca to see his father, was denied entrance by the servants; upon which a quarrel ensued, in which he unfortunately slew his father Ulysses with a spear or arrow, pointed with the bone of a trygon, a poisonous fish.

Not by the poisonous trygon's bone expir'd.
Wherefore, ill-fated wretches, be assur'd,
Your wicked deeds shall meet their due reward.

1 Mo. Syrians we are, in fair Damascus born.
But, urg'd by want and hungry poverty,
O'er earth and sea like vagabonds we roam,
And with this ointment, which our father gave,
We comfort and relieve the sick and lame.

Godl. What is your ointment, say, and how prepar'd?

2 Mo. We dare not tell, to secrecy oblig'd
Both by the solemn oath of our profession,
And last injunctions of a dying father;
Who charg'd us to conceal the powerful virtue
Of this our medicine, whose strong efficacy,
O Gout, can ev'n thy madding fires allay.

Godl. Ha! miserable wretches, say ye so?
Is there on earth a medicine, whose effect
My power is not sufficient to control?
Come on, upon this issue let us join.
Let us experience now the prevalence
Of your strong medicine or my raging flames.
Hither, tormenting spirits, who preside
O'er my distracting sorrows, hither come.

Spirits descend.

Thou from the tender sole to every toe
Round all the foot the burning anguish spread.
Thou in the heel shalt settle, from the thigh
Thou on the knee shalt pour the bitter drop.
And each of you a finger shall torment.

Spir.

Spir. Behold, O Queen, thy orders are perform'd.
 See! where the wretches maim'd and roaring lie,
 Their limbs distorted with our fierce attack.

Godd. Now, friends, inform us of the truth; declare
 If aught your boasted ointment now avail.
 For if my forces it indeed subdue,
 Far, to the dark recesses of the earth,
 The depths profound of Tartarus, I'll fly,
 Henceforth unknown, unhonour'd, and unseen.

Mo. Behold the ointment is apply'd! but, oh!
 The flames relent not. Oh! I faint, I die!
 A secret poison all my leg consumes.
 Not so pernicious is the bolt of Jove:
 Nor rages so the wild tempestuous sea:
 Nor more resistless is the lightning's blast.
 Sure three-mouth'd Cerberus my sinews gnaws:
 Or on my flesh some poisonous viper preys;
 Or to my limbs th' envenom'd * mantle clings,
 Drench'd in the Centaur's black malignant gore!
 O Queen, have mercy! freely we acknowledge
 That, nor our ointment, nor aught else on earth,
 Thy

* The mantle of the Centaur Nessus, who having profered Hercules his service to carry his wife over the river Evenus, when he had her on the other side would have forced her. Whereupon Hercules shot him with an arrow. Nessus, seeing he must die, in revenge presents Deianira with his mantle stained with his own blood, telling her it was a charm for love. She believing this, when Hercules was sacrificing in Mount Oeta, sent him this mantle to put on; which he no sooner did, but the poison worked so strongly that he grew mad, and threw himself into the fire.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT. 257

Thy unresisted fury can restrain,
O mighty conquerers of human kind!

Ocyb. " I too, O potent goddess, grace implore.
" Once in the wanton pride of vigorous youth,
" Vain of my beauteous limbs, and active strength,
" I mock'd thy dolours, and thy power defy'd.
" But now chastis'd by thy afflictive arm,
" And by thy nearer influence subdued,
" My impious vaunts, O goddess, I retract,
" Adore thy might, and deprecate thy wrath."

Godd. Spirits, forbear, and mitigate their woes.
See they repent them of the dire contention.
Now let the world confess my stubborn power,
Nor mov'd by pity, nor by drugs subdued.

Goddeſs and Spirits re-aſcend.]

Cho. In vain with mimic flames Salmoneus strove
To emulate the bolts of thundering Jove;
To deepeſt hell with ſcorching lightning driven,
Too late he own'd the ſtronger power of Heaven.

The ſatyr Marſyas blew his boaiſtful reed,
And, Phœbus, ſtrike, he cry'd, thy rival ſtrings.
Stript of his ſkin, he mourns the impious deed,
While round the bleeding trophy Pythius ſings.

Robb'd of her children, in eternal woe,
In ſtreams eternal while her ſorrows flow,
Sad Niobe laments the fatal hour,
That urg'd her to provoke Latona's power.

S

Thee,

Thee, Pallas, skill'd in every work divine,
 Foolish Arachne at the loom defy'd;
 Incessant thence she draws the filmy twine,
 Memorial of her fond presumptuous pride.

Taught by the vengeance of the gods above,
 Latona, Pallas, Pythian Phœbus, Jove,
 To mortals be this sage instruction given,
 "That man, though bold, is not a match for
 "Heaven." [Dance.

Cho. O awful Gout, whose universal sway
 The trembling nations of the earth obey,
 Our torments, gracious sovereign, O assuage!
 Be short our pangs, be moderate thy rage!

Many, various, are the woes
 That this scene of life compose.
 Use with reconciling balm
 Can our throbbing sorrows calm;
 Can our sharpest pains beguile,
 And bid gouty wretches smile.
 Hence, companions of my care,
 Learn with patient hearts to bear,
 To expect with souls unmov'd
 Ills ye have already prov'd.
 If severer woes invade,
 Heaven will grant you strength and aid.
 Who, impatient of his pain,
 Bites, and gnaws, and shakes the chain,
 Laughter he, and scorn shall move,
 Such is the decree of Jove.

[259]
ON THE
ABUSE OF TRAVELLING.

A C A N T O,
IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Archimage tempts the Red-Cross Knight
From love of Fairy-land,
With shew of foreign pleasures all,
The which he doth withstand.

I.

W I S E was that Spartan Law-giver of old,
Who rais'd on Virtue's base his well-built state,
Exiling from her walls barbaric gold,
With all the mischiefs that upon it wait,
Corruption, luxury, and envious hate;
And the distinctions proud of rich and poor,
Which among brethren kindle foul debate,
And teach Ambition, that to fame would soar,
To the false lure of wealth her stooping wing to
lower.

II.

Yet would Corruption soon have entrance found,
And all his boasted schemes eftssoon decay'd,
Had not he cast a powerful circle round,
Which to a distance the arch felon fray'd,

And ineffectual his foul engines made :
 This was, to weet, that politic command,
 Which from vain travel the young Spartan stay'd,
 Ne suffer'd him forsake his native land,
 To learn deceitful arts, and science contraband.

III.

Yet had the ancient world her courts and schools ;
 Great kings and courtiers civil and refin'd ;
 Great rabbins, deeply read in Wisdom's rules,
 And all the arts that cultivate the mind,
 Embellish life, and polish human-kind.
 Such, Asia, birth-place of proud monarchy,
 Such, elder Ægypt, in thy kingdoms shin'd,
 Mysterious Ægypt, the rank nursery
 Of superstitions fond, and learned vanity.

IV.

But what accomplishments, what arts polite,
 Did the young Spartan want, his deeds to grace,
 Whose manly virtues, and heroic spirit,
 Check'd by no thought impure, no falsehood base,
 With natural dignity might well outface
 The glare of manners false, and mimic pride ?
 And wherefore should they range from place to place,
 Who to their country's love so firm were ty'd,
 All homely as she was, that for her oft they dy'd ?

V.

And * sooth it is (with reverence may ye hear,
 And honour due to passion so refin'd)
 The strong affection which true patriots bear
 To their dear country, zealous is and blind,

* Truth.

And

And fond as is the love of womankind,
 So that they may not her defects espy,
 Ne other * paragone may ever find;
 But gazing on her with an awful eye
 And superstitious zeal, her learn to deify.

VI.

And, like as is the faith unsound, untrue,
 Of him who, wandering aye from fair to fair,
 Conceiveth from each object passion new,
 Or from his heart quite drives the troublous care;
 So with the patriot-lover doth it fare,
 Who through the world delighting aye to rove,
 His country changeth with each change of air,
 Or weening the delights of all to prove,
 On none, or all alike, bestows his vagrant love.

VII.

† Als doth corruption in a distant soil,
 With double force † assay the youthful heart;
 Expos'd suspectless to the traitor's wile,
 Expos'd unwarn'd to Pleasure's poison'd dart,
 Expos'd unpractis'd in the world's wide mart,
 Where each one lies, imposes, and betrays,
 Without a friend due counsel to impart,
 Without a parent's awe to rule his ways,
 Without the check of shame, or spur of public praise.

S 3

VIII. For-

* Rival, or one to compare with her.

† Moreover, besides. † Assault.

VIII.

* Forthy, false Archimago, traytor vile,
 Who burnt 'gainst Fairy-land with ceaseless ire,
 'Gan cast with foreign pleasures to beguile
 Her faithful knight, and quench the heavenly fire
 That did his virtuous bosom aye inspire
 With zeal unfeigned for her service true,
 And send him forth in chivalrous attire,
 Arm'd at all points adventures to pursue,
 And wreak upon her foes his vowed vengeance due.

IX.

So as he journeyed upon the way,
 Him soon the sly enchaunter † over-hent,
 Clad like a fairy knight in armour gay,
 With painted shield, and spear right forward bent,
 In knightly ‡ guise and shew of § hardiment,
 That aye prepared was for bloody fight.
 Whereat the || Elfin knight with speeches gent
 Him first saluted, who, well as he might,
 Him fair salutes again, as ** seemeth courteous knight.

X.

Then 'gan he †† purpose frame of valiant deeds
 Atchiev'd by foreign knights of ‡‡ prowess great,
 And mighty fame, which emulation breeds
 In virtuous breast, and kindleth martial heat;

Of

* Therefore. † Overtook. ‡ Fashion. § Courage.
 || Fairy. ** Befeeemeth. †† Discourse, or argument.
 ‡‡ Might, valour.

Of arts and sciences for warriour * meet,
 And knight that would in feats of arms excel,
 Or him, who † lieber choos'ing calm retreat,
 With Peace and gentle Virtue aye would dwell,
 Who have their triumphs, like as hath Bellona fell.

XI.

These, as he said, befeemed knight to know,
 And all be they in Fairy-lond y-taught,
 Where every art and all fair virtues grow;
 Yet various climes with various fruits are fraught,
 And such in one hath full perfection † raught
 The which no skill may in another rear.
 So gloz'd th' enchaunter till he hath him brought
 To a huge rock, that clomb so high in air,
 That from it he § unceath the murmuring surge mote hear.

XII.

Thence the salt wave beyond in prospect wide
 A spacious plain the false enchaunter shew'd,
 With goodly castles deck'd on every side,
 And silver streams, that down the champain flow'd,
 And wash'd the vineyards that beside them stood,
 And groves of myrtle; als the lamp of day
 His orient beams display'd withouten cloud,
 Which lightly on the glistening waters play,
 And tinge the castles, woods, and hills, with purple ray.

S 4

XIII. So

* Proper, fit. † Rather. ‡ Reach'd. § Hardly.

XIII.

So fair a landscape charm'd the wondering knight;
 And eke the breath of morning fresh and sweet
 Inspir'd his jocund spirit with delight,
 And ease of heart for soft persuasion meet.
 Then him the traytor base 'gan fair entreat,
 And from the rock as downward they descend,
 Of that blest lond his praises 'gan repeat,
 Till he him moved hath with him to * wend;
 So to the billowy shore their hasty march they bend.

XIV.

There in a painted bark all trim and gay,
 Whose sails full glad embrac'd the wanton wind,
 There sat a stranger † wight in quaint array,
 That seem'd of various garbs ‡ attone combin'd,
 Of Europe, Afric, east and western Inde.
 Als round about him many creatures stood,
 Of several nations and of divers kind,
 Apes, serpents, birds with human speech endow'd,
 And monsters of the land, and wonders of the flood.

XV.

He was to weet a mighty traveller,
 Who curiosity thereafter § hight
 And well he knew each coast and harbour fair,
 And every nation's latitude and site,

And

* To go.
 § Was called.

† Man or woman.

‡ Together.

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING. 265

And how to steer the wandering bark aright.
So to him strait the false encounter bore,
And with him likewise brought the red-cross knight:
Then fairly him besought to waft them o'er;
Swift flew the dauncing bark, and reach'd the adverse
shore.

XVI.

There when they landed were, them ran to greet
A bevy bright of damsels gent and gay,
Who with soft smiles, and salutation sweet,
And courteous violence would force them stay,
And rest them in their bower not far away;
Their bower that most luxuriously was * dight
With all the dainties of air, earth, and sea,
All that mote please the taste, and charm the sight,
The pleasure of the board, and charm of beauty bright.

XVII.

Als might he therein hear a mingled sound
Of feast and song and laughing jollity,
That in the noise was all distinction drown'd
Of graver sense, or music's harmony.
Yet were there some in that blithe company
That aptly could discourse of virtuous lore,
Of manners, wisdom, and sound policy;
Yet † nould they often ope their sacred store,
Ne might their voice be heard 'mid riot and uproar.

XVIII. Thereto

* Adorned, set forth.

† Would not.

XVIII.

Thereto the joys of idleness and love,
 And luxury, that besots the noblest mind,
 And custom prevalent at distance drove
 All sense and relish of a higher kind,
 Whereby the soul to virtue is refin'd.
 Instead whereof the arts of slavery
 Were taught, of slavery perverse and blind,
 That vainly boasts her native liberty,
 Yet wears the chains of pride, of lust, and gluttony.

XIX.

Of which the red-cross knight right well aware,
 Would in no wise agree with them to go,
 Albeit with courtly glee their leader fair,
 * Hight Politessa, him did kindly woo.
 But all was false pretence, and hollow show,
 False as the flowers which to their breasts they ty'd
 Or those which seemed in their cheeks to glow,
 For both were false, and not by Nature dy'd,
 False rivals of the spring, and beauty's rosy pride.

XX.

Then from behind them straightway 'gan advance
 An uncouth stripling quaintly habited,
 As for some revel mask, or antic daunce,
 All chequer'd o'er with yellow, blue, and red;
 Als in a vizor black he shrouds his head,

The

* Called.

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING. 267

The which he tossed to and fro amain,
And † est his lathy falchion brandished,
As if he meant fierce battle to † darrain,
And like a wanton ape est skip'd he on the plain.

XXI.

And est about him skip'd a gaudy throng
Of youthful gallants, frolic, trim, and gay,
Chanting in careless notes their amorous song,
Match'd with like careless guests, like amorous play.
Als were they gorgeous, dress'd in rich array,
And well accepted of that female train,
Whose hearts to joy and mirth devoted aye,
Each proffer'd love receive without disdain,
And part without regret from each late favour'd swain;

XXII.

And now they do accord in wanton daunce
To join their hands upon the flowery plain;
The whiles with amorous leer and eyes askaunce
Each damsel fires with love her glowing swain;
Till, all impatient of the tickling pain,
In sudden laughter forth at once they break,
And ending so their daunce, each tender twain
To shady bowers forthwith themselves betake,
Deep hid in myrtle groves, beside a silver lake,

XXIII.

Thereat the red-cross knight was much enmov'd,
And 'gan his heart with indignation swell,
To view in forms so made to be belov'd,
Ne faith, ne truth, ne heavenly virtue dwell;

But

† Often. † Attempt.

But lust instead, and falsehood, child of hell;
 And glutton sloth, and love of gay attire:
 And sooth to say, them well could parallel.
 Their lusty * paramours in vain desire;
 Well fitted to each dame was every gallant squire.

XXIV.

Yet when their sovereign calls them forth to arms,
 Their sovereign, whose † behests they most revere,
 Right wisely can they menage war's alarms,
 And wield with valour great the martial spear,
 So that their name is dreaded far and near.
 Oh! that for liberty they so did fight!
 Then need not fairy-land their prowess fear,
 Ne give in charge to her adventurous knight
 Their friendship to beware, and sense-deluding sleight.

XXV.

But not for liberty they wagen war,
 But solely to † aggrate their mighty lord,
 For whom their dearest blood they || nillén spare,
 When so him listeth draw the conquering sword;
 So is that idol vain of them ador'd,
 Who ne with might beyond his meanest thrall
 Endued, ne with superior wisdom stor'd,
 Sees at his feet prostrated millions fall,
 And with religious dread obey his princely call.

XXVI.

Thereto so high and stately was his port,
 That all the petty kings him sore envý'd,
 And would him imitate in any sort,
 With all the mimic pageantry of pride, And
 * Lovers. † Commands. ‡ Please. § Will not.

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING. 269

And worship'd be like him, and deify'd,
Of courtly sycophants and * caitifs vile,
Who to those services themselves apply'd,
And in that school of servitude erewhile
Had learn'd to bow and grin, and flatter, and beguile.

XXVII.

For to that seminary of fashions vain
The rich and noble from all parts repair,
Where grown enamour'd of the gaudy train,
And, courteous haviour gent and debonair,
They cast to imitate such semblaunce fair;
And, deeming meanly of their native lond,
Their own rough virtues they disdain to wear,
And back returning drest by foreign hond,
Ne other matter care, ne other understand.

XXVIII.

Wherefore th' enchaunter vile, who sore was griev'd
To see the knight reject those damsels gay,
Wherewith he thought him fure to have deceiv'd,
Was minded to that court him to convey,
And daze his eyen with majesty's bright ray:
So to a stately castle he him brought,
Which in the midst of a great garden lay,
And wisely was by cunning craftsmen wrought,
And with all riches deck'd surpassing human thought.

XXIX.

There underneath a sumptuous canopy,
That with bright ore and diamonds glitter'd far,
Sate the swoln form of royal † surquedry,
And deem'd itself ‡ allgates some creature rare,

While

* Scoundrels. † Pride. ‡ By all means, omnino.

While its own haughty state it mote compare
 With the base countenance of the vassal fry,
 That seem'd to have nor eye, nor tongue, nor ear;
 Ne any sense, ne any faculty,
 That did not to his throne owe servile ministry.

XXX.

Yet wist he not that half that homage low
 Was at a wizard's shrine in private pay'd,
 The which conducted all that goodly show,
 And as he list th' imperial puppet play'd,
 By secret springs and wheels right wisely made,
 That he the subtle wires mote not * avize,
 But deem in sooth that all he did or said,
 From his own motion and free grace did rise,
 And that he justly hight immortal, great, and wise.

XXXI.

And eke to each of that same gilded train,
 That meekly round that lordly throne did stand,
 Was by that wizard ty'd a magic chain,
 Whereby their actions all he mote command,
 And rule with hidden influence the land.
 Yet to his lord he outwardly did bend,
 And those same magic chains within his hand
 Did seem to place, albeit by the end
 He held them fast, that none them from his gripe mote
 rend.

XXXII. He

* Discover, perceive.

XXXII.

He was to weet an old and wrinkled mage,
Deep read in all the arts of policy,
And from experience grown so crafty sage,
That none his secret counsels mote descry,
Ne search the mines of his deep subtlety.
Thereto fair peace he lov'd and cherished;
And traffic did promote and industry,
Whereby the vulgar were in quiet fed,
And the proud lords in ease and plenty wallowed.

XXXIII.

Thence all the gorgeous splendor of the court,
* Sith the sole business of the rich and great,
Was to that hope-built temple to resort,
And round their earthly god in glory wait,
Who, with their pride to swell his royal state,
Did pour large sums of gold on every one,
Brought him by harpies fell, him to aggrate,
And torn from peasants vile, beneath the throne
Who lay deep sunk in earth, and inwardly did groan;

XXXIV.

Behold, says Archimage, the envy'd height
Of human grandeur to the gods ally'd!
Behold yon sun of power, whose glorious light,
O'er this rejoicing land out-beaming wide,
Calls up those princely flowers on every side;
Which like the painted daughters of the plain
Ne toil, ne spin, ne stain their silken pride
With care, or sorrow, sith withouten pain,
Them in eternal joy those heavenly beams maintain.

* Since,

XXXV. Them

XXXV.

Them morn and evening joy eternal greets,
 And for them thousands and ten thousands * moil,
 Gathering from land and ocean honied sweets
 For them, who in soft indolence the while
 And slumbering peace enjoy the luscious spoil;
 And as they view around the careful bees
 † Forespent with labour and incessant toil,
 With the sweet contrast learn themselves to please,
 And heighten by compare the luxury of ease.

XXXVI.

Ungenerous man, quoth then the fairy knight,
 That can rejoice to see another's woe!
 And thou, unworthy of that glory bright,
 Wherewith the gods have deck'd thy princely brow,
 That doth on sloth and gluttony bestow
 The hard-earn'd fruits of industry and pain,
 And to the dogs the labourer's morsel throw,
 Unmindful of the hand that sow'd the grain,
 The poor earth-trodden root of all thy greatness vain.

XXXVII.

Oh foul abuse of sacred majesty,
 That boasteth her fair self from heaven y-sprung!
 Where are the marks of thy divinity?
 Truth, mercy, justice steady, bold and strong,
 To aid the meek, and curb oppressive wrong?
 Where is the care and love of public good,
 That to the people's father doth belong?
 Where the vice-gerent of that bounteous God,
 Who bids dispense to all, what he for all bestow'd?

XXXVIII. Dwell-

* Work hard.

† Quite spent.

XXXVIII.

Dwell'st thou not rather, like the prince of hell,
 In Pandemonium full of ugly fiends?
 Dissimulation, discord, malice fell,
 Reckless ambition, that right onward * wends,
 Though his wild march o'erthrow both fame and
 friends,
 And virtue and his country; crooked guile,
 Obliquely creeping to his treacherous ends,
 And flattery, curs'd assassin, who the while
 He holds the murderous knife, can fawn, and kiss, and
 smile.

XXXIX.

Then 'gan he strait unvail the mirrour bright,
 The which fair † Una gave him heretofore,
 Ere he as yet, with † Paynim foe to fight,
 For foreign land had left his native shore.
 This in his careful breast he always bore,
 And on it oft would cast his wary eye;
 For it by magic framed was of yore,
 So that no falsehood mote it well abye,
 But it was plainly seen, or fearfully did fly.

XL.

This on that gay assembly did he turn,
 And saw confounded quite the gaudy scene;
 Saw the close fire that inwardly did burn,
 And waste the throbbing heart with secret || teen;

T

Saw

* Goes.

† Una in Spenser represents Truth, see B. i. Fairy
 Queen.

‡ Heathen, the usual enemy of knight-errants in
 Spenser. || Pain, anguish.

Saw base dependence in the haughty mien
 Of lords and princes; saw the magic chain
 That each did wear, but deem'd he wore unseen,
 The whiles with count'naunce glad he hid his pain,
 And homage did require from each poor lowly swain.

XLI.

And though to that old mage they louted down,
 Yet did they dearly wish for his decay:
 Als trembled he, and aye upon the throne
 Of his great lord his tottering steps did stay,
 And oft behind him skulk'd for great dismay;
 Als shook the throne, when so the villain crew,
 That underneath oppress'd and groveling lay,
 Impatient of the grievous burthen grew,
 And loudly for redress and liberty did sue.

XLII.

There mote he likewise see a ribbald train
 Of dancers, broiderers, slaves of luxury,
 Who cast o'er all those lords and ladies vain
 A veil of semblaunce fair, and richest dye,
 That none their inward baseness mote descry.
 But nought was hidden from that mirrour bright.
 Which when false Archimago 'gan espy,
 He feared for himself, and warn'd the knight
 From so detested place to maken speedy flight.

XLIII.

So on he passed, till he comen hath
 To a small river, that full-flow did glide,
 As it uneath mote find its watry path
 For stones and rubbish, that did choak its tide,

So

So lay the mouldering piles on every side,
 Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
 Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
 Yet mote her auncient greatness still be seen,
 Still from her ruins prov'd the world's imperial queen.

XLIV.

For the rich spoil of all the continents,
 The boast of art and nature there was brought,
 Corinthian brass, Ægyptian monuments,
 With hieroglyphic sculptures all inwrought,
 And Parian marbles, by Greek artists taught
 To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
 And set before the eye of sober thought
 Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold.
 All these and many more that may not here be told.

XLV.

There in the midst of a ruin'd pile,
 That seem'd a theatre of circuit vast,
 Where thousands might be seated, he erewhile
 Discover'd hath an uncouth trophy plac'd;
 Seem'd a huge heap of stone together cast
 In nice disorder and wild symmetry,
 Urns, broken freezes, statues half defac'd,
 And pedestals with antique imagery
 Emboss'd, and pillars huge of costly porphyry.

XLVI.

Aloft on this strange basis was * yright
 With girlonds gay adorn'd a golden chair,
 In which aye smiling with self-bred delight,
 In careless pride reclin'd a lady fair,

T 2

And

* Placed.

And to soft music lent her idle ear;
 The which with pleasure so did her enthrall,
 That for aught else she had but little care,
 For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,
 Or gentle love, sole king of pleasures natural.

XLVII.

Als by her side, in richest robes array'd,
 An eunuch fate, of visage pale and dead,
 Unseemly paramour for royal maid!
 Yet him she courted oft and honoured,
 And oft would by her place in princely * sted,
 Though from the dregs of earth he springen were,
 And oft with regal crowns she deck'd his head,
 And oft, to sooth her vain and foolish ear,
 She bade him the great names of mighty † Kefars bear.

XLVIII.

Thereto herself a pompous title bore,
 For she was vain of her great auncestry,
 But vainer still of that prodigious store
 Of arts and learning, which she vaunts to lie
 In the rich archives of her treasury.
 These she to strangers oftentimes would shew,
 With grave demean and solemn vanity,
 Then proudly claim as to her merit due,
 The venerable praise and title of Vertù.

XLIX.

Vertù she was † yclept, and held her court
 With outward shews of pomp and majesty,
 To which natheless few others did resort,
 But men of base and vulgar industry.

Or

* Seat or place. † Emperors. ‡ Called or named.

Or such perdy as of them cozen'd be,
 Mimes, fiddlers, pipers, eunuchs squeaking fine,
 Painters and builders, sons of masonry,
 Who well could measure with the rule and line,
 And all the orders five-right craftily define.

L.

But other skill of cunning architect,
 How to contrive the house for dwelling best,
 With self-sufficient scorn they wont neglect,
 As corresponding with their purpose least;
 And herein be they copied of the rest,
 Who aye pretending love of science fair,
 And generous purpose to adorn the breast
 With liberal arts; to Vertù's court repair,
 Yet nought but tunes and names, and coins away do bear.

LI.

For long, to visit her once-honour'd seat
 The studious sons of learning have forbore:
 Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet
 Her venerable reliques to adore
 And load their bosom with the sacred store,
 Whereof the world large treasure yet enjoys.
 But * sithence she declin'd from wisdom's lore,
 They left her to display her pompous toys
 To virtuosi vain, and wonder-gaping boys.

LII.

Forthy to her a numerous train doth † long
 Of ushers in her court well practis'd,
 Who aye about the monied stranger throng,
 Offering with shews of courteous ‡ bountied

T 3

Him

* Since. † Belong. ‡ Good-nature or civility.

Him through the rich apartments all to lead,
 And shew him all the wonders of her state,
 Whose names and price they wisely can * areed,
 And tell of coins of old and modern date,
 And pictures false and true right well discriminate.

LIII.

Als are they named after him, whose tongue
 Shook the dictator in his curule chair,
 And thundering through the Roman senate, rung
 His bold Philippicks in Antonius' ear;
 Which when the Fairy heard, he sigh'd full dear,
 And, casting round his quick discerning eye,
 At every † deal he dropt a manly tear,
 As he the stately buildings mote descry,
 Baths, theatres, and fanes, in mouldering fragments lie.

LIV.

And, oh! imperial city! then he said,
 How art thou tumbled from thine Alpine throne!
 Whereon, like Jove on high Olympus' head,
 Thou sittedst erst unequal'd and alone,
 And madest through the world thy greatness known:
 While from the western isles, to Indus' shore,
 From seven-mouth'd Nilus, to the frozen Don,
 Thy dradded bolts the strong-pounc'd eagle bore,
 And taught the nations round thy fasces to adore.

LV. And

* Relate or declare. These under sort of antiquaries,
 who go about with strangers to shew them the anti-
 quities, &c. of Rome, are called Ciceroni.

† At every turn, every now and then.

LV.

And doth among thy reliques nought remain,
 No little portion of that haughty spright,
 Which made thee whilom scorn soft Pleasure's chain,
 And in free Virtue place thy chief delight,
 Whereby through ages shone thy glory bright?
 And is there nought remaining to confound
 Those who, regardless of thy woeful plight,
 With idle wonder view thy ruins round,
 And without thought survey thy memorable wound?

LVI.

Arise, thou genuine Cicero, and declare
 That all these mighty ruins scatter'd wide
 The sepulchres of Roman virtue were,
 And trophies vast of luxury and pride,
 Those fell diseases whereof Rome erst dy'd.
 And do you then with vile mechanic thought
 Your course, ye sons of Fairy, hither guide,
 That ye those gay refinements may be taught,
 Which liberty's fair lond to shame and thralldom brought?

LVII.

Let Rome those vassal arts, now meanly boast,
 Which to her vanquish'd thralls she erst resign'd;
 Ye who enjoy that freedom she has lost,
 That great prerogative of human-kind,
 Close to your hearts the precious jewel bind,
 And learn the rich possession to maintain,
 Learn virtue, justice, constancy of mind,
 Not to be mov'd by fear or pleasure's train;
 Be these your arts, ye brave; these only are humane.

LVIII.

As he thus spake, th' enchaunter half asham'd
Wist not what fitting answer to devise,
Als was his caitive heart well-nigh inflam'd,
By that same knight so virtuous, brave, and wise,
That long he doubts him farther to entice.
But he was harden'd and remorseless grown,
Through practice old of villainy and vice;
So to his former wiles he turns him soon,
As in another place hereafter shall be shown.

EDUCA-

EDUCATION.

A POEM:

Written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

INSCRIBED TO LADY LANGHAM,
Widow of Sir JOHN LANGHAM, Baronet.

- “ Unum studium verè liberale est, quod liberum facit.
 “ Hoc sapientiæ studium est, sublime, forte, magnimum : cætera pusilla & puerilia sunt. — Plus
 “ scire velle quàm sit satis intemperantiæ genus est.
 “ Quid, quòd ista liberalium artium consecratio
 “ molestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi placentes
 “ facit, & ideo non dicentes necessaria, quia pervacua didicerunt.”

SEN. Ep. 33.

O GOODLY discipline! from heaven y-sprung!
 Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
 To whom the Graces, and the Nine belong:
 O! bid those Graces, in fair chorus join'd

With

LVIII.

As he thus spake, th' enchaunter half a sham'd
Wist not what fitting answer to devise,
Als was his captive heart well-nigh inflam'd,
By that same knight so virtuous, brave, and wise,
That long he doubts him farther to entice.
But he was harden'd and remorseless grown,
Through practice old of villainy and vice;
So to his former wiles he turns him soon,
As in another place hereafter shall be shown.

EDUCA-

EDUCATION.

A POEM:

Written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

INSCRIBED TO LADY LANGHAM,
Widow of Sir JOHN LANGHAM, Baronet.

“ Unum studium verè liberale est, quod liberum facit.
“ Hoc sapientiæ studium est, sublime, forte, mag-
“ nimum: cætera pusilla & puerilia sunt. — Plus
“ scire velle quàm sit satis intemperantiæ genus est.
“ Quid, quod ista liberalium artium consecratio
“ molestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi placentes
“ facit, & ideo non dicentes necessaria, quia su-
“ pervacua didicerunt.” SEN. Ep. 88.

O GOODLY discipline! from heaven y-sprung!
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
To whom the Graces, and the Nine belong:
O! bid those Graces, in fair chorus join'd

With

With each bright Virtue that adorns the mind !
 O bid the Muses, thine harmonious train,
 Who by thy aid erst humaniz'd mankind,
 Inspire, direct, and moralize the strain,
 That doth essay to teach thy treasures how to gain !

And thou, whose pious and maternal care,
 The substitute of heavenly Providence,
 With tenderest love my orphan life did rear,
 And train me up to manly strength and sense ;
 With mildest awe, and virtuous influence,
 Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
 To the smooth walks of Truth and Innocence ;
 Where Happiness heart-felt, Contentment sweet,
 Philosophy divine, aye hold their blest retreat.

Thou, most belov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd !
 Accept this verse, to thy large merit due !
 And blame me not, if, by each tie endear'd,
 Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
 The whiles this moral thesis I pursue,
 And trace the plan of goodly * Nurture o'er,
 I bring thy modest virtues into view ;
 And proudly boast that from thy precious store,
 Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred lore.

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
 The valued gifts, thy careful love bestow'd ;
 If, imitating thee, well as I may,
 I labour to diffuse th' important good,

TTL

* Nurture, Education.

Till this great truth by all be understood,
 " That all the pious duties which we owe,
 " Our parents, friends, our country and our God;
 " The seeds of every virtue here below,
 " From discipline alone, and early culture, grow."

C A N T O I.

A R G U M E N T.

* The Knight, as to * Pædia's house
 He his young son conveys,
 Is staid by Custom; with him fights,
 And his vain pride disdains.

I.

A Gentle Knight there was, whose noble deeds
 O'er Fairy land by Fame were blazon'd round;
 For warlike enterprize, and sage † areeds
 Among the chief alike was he renown'd;
 Whence with the marks of highest honours crown'd
 By Gloriana, in domestic peace,
 That port, to which the wise are ever bound,
 He anchor'd was, and chang'd the tossing seas
 Of bustling busy life, for calm sequester'd ease.

II. There

* Pædia is a Greek word, signifying education.

† Areeds, counsels.

II.

There in domestic virtue rich and great
 As erst in public, 'mid his wide domain,
 Long in primæval patriarchal state,
 The lord, the judge, the father of the plain;
 He dwelt; and with him, in the golden chain
 Of wedded faith y-link'd, a matron sage
 Aye dwelt; sweet partner of his joy and pain,
 Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
 Skill'd to improve his bliss, his sorrows to assuage.

III.

From this fair union, not of sordid gain,
 But merit similar and mutual love,
 True source of lineal virtue, sprung a train
 Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grove,
 Which round the temple of Olympick Jove,
 Begirt with youthful bloom the * parent tree,
 The sacred olive; whence old Elis wove
 Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
 The † guerdons of bold strength and swift activity.

IV.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
 These generous scyons: they with watchful care
 Still, as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
 The buds of future virtues, did prepare

With

* *Parent tree, the sacred olive.*] This tree grew in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympick Jupiter at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was esteemed sacred, and from that were taken the Olympick crowns.

† Guerdons, rewards.

With prudent culture the young shoots to rear :
 And aye in this endearing pious toil
 They by a * palmer sage instructed were,
 Who from deep thought and studious search erewhile
 Had learnt to mend the heart, and till the human soil.

V.

For by celestial Wisdom whilom led
 Through all th' apartments of th' immortal mind,
 He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the † sted
 To judgment, wit, and memory assign'd;
 And how sensation and reflection join'd
 To fill with images her darksome grotte,
 Where, variously disjointed or combin'd,
 As reason, fancy, or opinion wrought,
 Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pensive
 thought.

VI.

‡ Alse through the fields of Science had he stray'd
 With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
 Through each learn'd school, each philosophic shade,
 Where Truth and Virtue erst were deem'd to lie;
 If haply the fair vagrants he § mote spy,
 Or hear the music of their charming lore :
 But all unable there to satisfy
 His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
 The sacred writ of Faith ; to learn, believe, adore.

VII. Thence

* Palmer, pilgrim. The person here signified is Mr.
 Locke, characterized by his works.

† Sted, place, station.

‡ Alse, also, further.

§ Mote, might.

VII.

Thence foe profess'd of Falshood and Deceit,
 Those fly artificers of tyranny,
 * Aye holding up before uncertain feet
 His faithful light to Knowledge, Liberty,
 Mankind he led, to civil policy,
 And mild Religion's charitable law;
 That, fram'd by Mercy and Benignity
 The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
 And free-created souls with penal terrors awe.

VIII.

† Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
 Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride;
 But, stooping from his height, would even deign
 The feeble steps of Infancy to guide.
 Eternal glory him therefore betide,
 Let every generous youth his praise proclaim;
 Who, wandering through the world's rude forest
 wide,
 By him hath been y-taught his course to frame
 To Virtue's sweet abodes, and heaven-aspiring Fame!

IX.

For this the Fairy Knight with anxious thought,
 And fond paternal care, his counsel pray'd;
 And him of gentlest courtesy besought
 His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid;

The

* Aye, ever.

† Ne, nor.

The while his tender offspring he convey'd,
 Through devious paths to that secure retreat;
 Where sage Pædia, with each tuneful maid,
 On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
 'Mid flowery gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

X.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
 And that same virtuous palmer them to guide;
 Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
 Y-mounted high, in military pride,
 His little train before he slow did ride.
 Him eke behind a gentle squire * enfues,
 With his young lord aye marching side by side,
 His counsellour and guard, in goodly † thews,
 Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by every
 Muse.

XI.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursued,
 With chearful argument beguiling pain:
 Ere long descending from an hill they view'd
 Beneath their eyes out-stretch'd a spacious plain.
 That fruitful shew'd, and apt for every grain,
 For pastures, vines, and flowers; while Nature fair
 Sweet-smiling all around with countenance ‡ fain
 Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
 Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

XII. Right

* Enfues, follows. † Thews, manners.

‡ Fain, earnest, eager.

XII.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the soil,
 Aye went in happy season to repay
 With tenfold usury the peasant's toil.
 But now 'twas ruin all, and wild decay;
 Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,
 The sheep shorn down with barren * brakes o'er-
 grown
 The whiles the merry peasants sport and play,
 All as the public evil were unknown,
 Or every public care from every breast was flown.

XIII.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
 And so deform'd ; with wonder and delight
 At man's neglect, and Nature's bounty rare,
 In studious thought a while the Fairy Knight
 Bent on that goodly † lond his eager sight:
 Then forward rush'd, impatient to descry
 What towns and castles there-in were § empight ;
 For towns him seem'd, and castles he did spy,
 As to th' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming eye.

XIV.

Nor long way had they travell'd, ere they came
 To a wide stream, that with tumultuous roar
 Amongst rude rocks its winding course did frame.
 Black was the wave and sordid, cover'd o'er

With

* Brakes, briars.

† Lond, land.

‡ Empight, placed.

E D U C A T I O N.

With angry foam, and stain'd with infants' gore.
 Thereto along th' unlovely margin stood
 A birchen grove that, waving from the shore,
 Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
 And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

XV.

Right in the centre of the vale empight,
 Not distant far a forked mountain rose;
 In outward form presenting to the sight
 That fam'd Parnassian hill, on whose fair brows
 The Nine Aonian Sisters wont repose;
 Listening to sweet Castalia's sounding stream,
 Which through the plains of Cirrha murmuring flows,
 But this to that compar'd mote justly seem
 Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem.

XVI.

For this nor founded deep, nor spreaden wide,
 Nor high up-rai'd above the level plain,
 By toiling art through tedious years applied,
 From various parts compil'd with studious pain,
 Was * erst up-thrown; if so it mote attain
 Like that poetic mountain, to be † hight
 The noble seat of Learning's goodly train.
 Thereto, the more to captivate the sight,
 It like a garden fair most curiously was ‡ dight.

U

XVII. In

- * Erst, formerly.
- † Hight, called; named.
- ‡ Dight, dress.

XVII.

In figur'd plots with leafy walls inclos'd,
 By measure and by rule it was out-lay'd;
 With symmetry so regular dispos'd,
 That plot to plot still answer'd, shade to shade;
 Each correspondent twain alike array'd
 With like embellishments of plants and flowers,
 Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd
 Through shells of Tritons their ascending showers,
 And labyrinths involv'd, and trelice-woven bowers.

XVIII.

There likewise mote be seen on every side
 The yew obedient to the planter's will,
 And shapely box of all their branching pride
 Ungently shorne, and with preposterous skill
 To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
 Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous size;
 Huge as that giant-race, who, hill on hill
 High-heaping, fought with impious vain * emprise,
 Despite of thundering Jove, to scale the steepy skies.

XIX.

Allse other wonders of the sportive shears
 Fair Nature mis-adorning there were found:
 Globes, spiral columns, pyramids and piers
 With sprouting urns and budding statues crown'd;
 And

* Emprise, enterprize, attempt.

And horizontal dials on the ground
In living box by cunning artists trac'd ;
And gallies trim, on no long voyage boy'd,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast,
• All were their bellying sails out-spread to every blast.

XX.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terrasses on terrasses up-thrown ;
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows,
And vists broad, the velvet slopes adown
The ever-verdant trees of Daphne shone.
But, aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains, and Grecian Helicon,
They shrunk and languish'd in a foreign mold,
By changeful Summers starv'd, and pinch'd by Win-
ter's cold.

XXI.

Amid this verdant grove with solemn state,
On golden thrones of antique form reclin'd,
In mimic majesty Nine Virgins fate,
In features various, as unlike in mind:
Alse boasted they themselves of heavenly kind,
And to the sweet Parnassian Nymphs allied ;
Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they twin'd,
And matching with high names their apish pride,
O'er every learned school aye claim'd they to preside.

U 2

XXII. In

• All, used frequently by the old English Poets for
although.

XXII.

In antique garbs (for modern they disdain'd)
 By Greek and Roman artists whilom made,
 Of various woofs, and variously daintain'd
 With tints of every hue, were they array'd;
 And here and there ambitiously display'd
 A purple shred of some rich robe, prepar'd
 Erst by the Muses or th' Aonian Maid,
 To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan Bard;
 Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth splendor
 glar'd.

XXIII.

And well their outward vesture did express
 The bent and habit of their inward mind,
 Affecting Wisdom's antiquated dress,
 And usages by time cast far behind.
 Thence, to the charms of younger science blind,
 The customs, laws, the learning, arts and phrase
 Of their own countries they with scorn declin'd;
 Ne sacred truth herself would they embrace,
 Unwarranted, unknown in their fore-fathers' days.

XXIV.

Thus ever backward casting their survey;
 To Rome's old ruins and the groves forlorn
 Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay
 Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they turn
 Their

* Whilom, formerly.

Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn.
 Then, gathering up with superstitious care
 Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
 In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
 This Ennius, Varro; This the Stagirite did wear.

XXV.

Yet, under names of venerable sound,
 While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful rod;
 Through all the provinces of Learning town'd
 For teachers of whate'er is wise and good.
 Also from each region to their * drad abode
 Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste
 The streams of Science; which united flow'd
 Adown the mount, from nine rich sources cast;
 And to the vale below in one rude torrent pass'd.

XXVI.

O'er every source, protectress of the stream,
 One of those Virgin Sisters did preside;
 Who, dignifying with her noble name
 Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
 The heady vapours of scholastic pride
 Despotical and abject, bold and blind,
 Fierce in debate, and forward to decide;
 Vain love of praise, with adulation join'd,
 And disingenuous scorn, and impotence of mind.

U 3

XXVII. Ex-

* Drad, dreadful.

XXVII.

Extending from the hill on every side,
 In circuit vast a verdant valley spread;
 Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
 Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led,
 By various sluices from one common head;
 A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound,
 Hight of Philology the lake; and fed
 By that rude torrent, which with roaring sound
 Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level
 round.

XXVIII.

And every where this spacious valley o'er,
 East by each stream was seen a numerous throng
 Of beardless striplings to the birch-crown'd shore,
 By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along:
 Who, helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,
 Were torn reluctant from the tender side
 Of their fond mothers, and by * faitours strong,
 By power made insolent, and hard by pride,
 Were driven with furious rage, and lash'd into the tide.

XXIX.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
 And, casting round their oft-reverted eyes,
 If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
 Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;

But

* Faitour, doer, from faire, to do, and fait, deed,
 commonly used by Spenser in a bad sense.

But far away th' unheeding father flies,
 Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress;
 While close behind, assuming the disguise
 Of nurturing care, and smiling tenderness,
 With secret scourges arm'd, those griesly faitours press.

XXX.

As on the steepy margin of a brook,
 When the young sun with flowery Maia rides:
 With innocent dismay a bleating flock
 Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides:
 The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
 Their * seely fear; at length impatient grown,
 With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides;
 And, all regardless of their piteous moan,
 Into the dashing wave compels them furious down.

XXXI.

Thus urg'd by mastering fear and dolorous † teen
 Into the current plung'd that infant crowd.
 Right piteous was the spectacle, I ween,
 Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
 Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood;
 And labouring to attain the distant shore,
 Where holding forth the gown of manhood stood
 The syren Liberty, and ever-more
 Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

U 4

XXXII. Irk-

* Seely, simple.

† Teen, pain, grief.

XXXII.

Irkfome and long the passage was, perplex'd
 With rugged rocks on which the raving tide
 By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd
 Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength more ill abide
 With head up-lifted o'er the waves to ride.
 Whence many wearied ere they had o'er-past
 The middle stream. (for they in vain have tried)
 Again return'd * astounded and aghast;
 Ne one regardful look would ever backward cast.

XXXIII.

Some, of a rugged, more enduring frame,
 Their toilsome course with patient pain pursued;
 And, though with many a bruise and † muchel blame,
 Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embrued
 'Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdued
 And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last,
 But in life's practis † lear unskill'd and rude,
 Forth to that forked hill they silent pac'd;
 Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours they
 waste.

XXXIV.

Others of rich and noble lineage-bred,
 Though with the crowd to pass the flood constrain'd,
 Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
 By hireling guides and in all depths sustain'd,

Skimm'd.

* Astounded, astonish'd.

† Muchel, much.

‡ Lear, learning.

Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unstain'd,
 Save with the sprinkling of the watery spray:
 And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
 Of ignorance and ease, and wanton play,
 Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

XXXV.

A few, alas, how few! by heaven's high will
 With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
 * Albe fore † mated by the tempests shrill,
 That bellow'd fierce and rise the rocks among,
 By their own native vigour borne along
 Cut briskly through the waves; and, forces new
 Gathering from toil, and ardor from the throng
 Of rival youths, outstript the labouring crew,
 And to the true ‡ Parnasse and heaven-throng'd glory
 flew.

XXXVI.

Dire was the tumult, and from every shore
 Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
 Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and || singults fore
 Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,
 And furious stripes, and angry threats severe,
 Confus'dly mingled with the jarring sound
 Of all the various speeches that § while-ere
 On Shinar's wide-spread champain did astound
 High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works
 confound.

XXXVII. Much

* Albe, although.

† Mated, amazed, scared.

‡ Parnasse, Parnassus.

|| Singults, sighs.

§ While-ere, formerly.

XXXVII.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene,
 But more his blooming son, whose tender breast
 Empierced deep with sympathizing teen
 On his pale cheek the signs of drad impress'd,
 And fill'd his eyes with tears, which sore distress'd
 Up to his fire he rais'd in mournful wise;
 Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
 His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad surmise;
 Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.

XXXVIII.

But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd
 By a rude voice, that like th' united sound
 Of shouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
 And shook the groves, the floods, and solid ground:
 The distant hills rebellow'd all around.
 " Arrest, Sir Knight, it cried, thy fond career,
 " Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
 " That awful majesty which all revere!
 " In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of nations
 " hear!"

XXXIX.

Quick turn'd the Knight, and saw upon the plain
 Advancing tow'rds him with impetuous gait,
 And visage all inflam'd with fierce disdain,
 A monstrous Giant, on whose brow elate

Shone

Shone the bright ensign of imperial state;
 Albeit lawful kingdom he had none;
 But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
 And oft times over both erect his throne,
 While senates, priests and kings his * sovran sceptre
 own.

XL.

Custom he height; and aye in every land
 Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
 O'er all he holds; and to his high command
 Constrains even stubborn Nature to obey;
 Whom dispossessing oft, he doth assay
 To govern in her right: and with a pace
 So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
 That she unwares is caught in his embrace,
 And though deflower'd and thrall'd nought feels her soul
 disgrace.

XLI.

For nurturing, even from their tenderest age,
 The docile sons of men withouten pain,
 By disciplines and rules to every stage
 Of life accommodate, he doth them train
 Insensibly to wear and hug his chain.
 Alse his beliefs or gentle or severe,
 Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
 He craftily persuades them to revere,
 As institutions sage, and venerable lear.

XLII. Pro.

* Sovran, for sovereign.

XLII.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
 And mighty patron of those Sisters Nine,
 Who, there enthron'd, with many a copious rill,
 Feed the full streams, that through the valley shine,
 He deemed was; and aye with rites divine,
 * Like those, which Sparta's hardy race of yore
 Were wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,
 He doth constrain his vassals to adore
 Perforce their sacred names; and learn their sacred lore.

XLIII.

And to the fairy Knight now drawing near,
 With voice terrific and imperious mien,
 (All was he wont less dreadful to appear,
 When known and practis'd then at distance seen)
 And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,
 Him he commandeth, upon threaten'd pain
 Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,
 From his rebellious purpose to refrain,
 And all due honours pay to Learning's reverend train.

XLIV.

So saying, and forestalling all reply,
 His peremptory hand without delay,
 As one who little car'd to justify
 His princely will, long us'd to boundless sway,

Upon

* The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with constancy and courage, were accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely. And I myself (says Plutarch, in his life of Lycurgus) have seen several of them endure whipping to death, at the foot of the altar of Diana, surnamed Orthia.

Upon the Fairy Youth with great dismay
 In every quaking limb convuls'd, he lay'd :
 And proudly stalking o'er the verdant * lay,
 Him to those scientific streams convey'd,
 With many his young compeers therein to be † embay'd.

XLV.

The Knight his tender son's distressful ‡ stour
 Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew :
 Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that power,
 Which from submission aye more haughty grew.
 For that proud giant's force he wisely knew,
 Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defy'd
 With rash presumption ; and with courage true,
 Rather than step from Virtue's paths aside,
 Oft had he singly scorn'd his all-dismaying pride.

XLVI.

And now, disdaining parle, his courser hot
 He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful spear ;
 Where-with the giant he so rudely smot,
 That him perforce constrain'd to ¶ wend arrear.
 Who, much abash'd at such rebuke severe,
 Yet his accustom'd pride recovering soon,
 Forth-with his massy sceptre 'gan up-rear ;
 For other warlike weapon he had none,
 Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldest § fone.

XLVII. With

* Lay, mead.

† Embay'd, bathed, dipt.

‡ Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.

¶ Wend arrear, move backwards. § Fone, foes.

XLVII.

With that enormous mace the Fairy Knight
 So sore he * bet, that all his armour † bray'd,
 To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
 Of so tempestuous strokes; but he was stay'd,
 And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
 The sudden changes of the doubtful fray;
 From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
 When force unequal did him hard assay:
 So lightly from his steed he leapt upon the lay.

XLVIII.

Then swiftly drawing forth his ‡ trenchant blade,
 High o'er his head he held his fenceful shield;
 And warily forecasting to evade
 The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
 With restless steps aye traversing the field.
 And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
 Through rage defenceless, mote advantage yield,
 With his sharp sword so oft he did him || gride,
 That his gold-sandal'd feet in crimson floods were dy'd.

XLIX.

His baser parts he maim'd with many a wound;
 But far above his utmost reach were § pight
 The forts of life: ne never to confound
 With utter ruin, and abolish quite

A power

* Bet, beat. † Bray'd, resounded.

‡ Trenchant, cutting. || Gride, cut, hack.

§ Pight, placed.

A power so puissant by his single might
 Did he presume to hope: himself alone
 From lawless force to free, in bloody fight
 He stood; content to bow to Custom's throne,
 So reason mote not blush his sovran rule to own.

L.

So well he warded, and so fiercely press'd
 His foe, that weary vex'd he of the fray;
 Yet * nould he algates lower his haughty crest;
 But masking in contempt his sore dismay,
 Disdainfully releas'd the trembling prey,
 As one unworthy of his princely care;
 Then proudly casting on the warlike † fay
 A smile of scorn and pity, through the air
 'Gan blow his shrilling horn; the blast was heard afar.

LI.

Eftsoons astonish'd at th' alarming sound,
 The signal of distress and hostile wrong,
 Confus'dly trooping from all quarters round
 Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
 Of every sex and order, old and young;
 The vassals of great Custom's wide domain,
 Who, to his lore inur'd by usage long,
 His every summons heard with pleasure fain,
 And felt his every wound with sympathetic pain.

LII. They,

* Nould he algates, would not by any means.

† Fay, fairy.

LII.

They, when their bleeding king they did behold,
 And saw an armed Knight him standing near,
 Attended by that Palmer sage and bold;
 Whose venturous search of devious truth while-ere
 Spread through the realms of learning horrors drear,
 Y-seized were at first with terrors great;
 And in their boding hearts began to fear,
 Dissention factious, controversial hate,
 And innovations strange in Custom's peaceful state.

LIII.

But when they saw the Knight his fauchion sheathe,
 And climbing to his steed march thence away,
 With all his hostile train, they 'gan to breathe
 With freer spirit, and with aspect gay
 Soon chac'd the gathering clouds of black affray.
 Alse their great monarch, cheared with the view
 Of myriads, who confess his sovran sway,
 His ruffled pride began to plume anew;
 And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

LIV.

There-at the multitude, that stood around,
 Sent up at once a universal roar
 Of boisterous joy: the sudden-bursting sound,
 Like the explosion of a warlike store
 Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted welkin tore.
 Then turning towards the Knight, with scoffings lewd,
 Heart-piercing insults, and revilings fore,
 Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,
 As through the throng he pass'd, his parting steps pursued.

Welkin, sky.

LV. Alse

LV.

Alse from that forked hill the boasted seat
 Of studious Peace and mild Philosophy,
 Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
 Mustering their rage; eke baleful Infamy,
 Rouz'd from her den of base obscurity
 By those same Maidens Nine, began to sound
 Her brazen trump of blackening obloquy:
 While Satire, with dark clouds encompass round,
 Sharp, secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to wound.

LVI.

But the brave Fairy Knight, no whit dismay'd,
 Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain;
 With curious eye observing, as he stray'd
 Through the wide provinces of Custom's reign,
 What mote afresh admonish him remain
 Fast by his virtuous purpose; all around
 So many objects mov'd his just disdain;
 Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing sound,
 In city, village, bower, or castle, mote be found.

LVII.

In village, city, castle, bower, and hall,
 Each sex, each age, each order and degree,
 To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,
 Kept one perpetual general jubilee.
 Ne suffer'd ought disturb their merry glee;
 Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,
 Restraint of law, religion's drad decree,
 Intestine desolation, foreign foes,
 Nor heaven's tempestuous threats, nor earth's convulsive
 throes.

X

LVIII. But

LVIII.

But chiefly they whom Heaven's disposing hand
 Had seated high on Fortune's upper stage;
 And plac'd within their call the sacred band
 That waits on Nurture and Instruction sage,
 If happy their wise * hefts mote them engage
 To climb through knowledge to more noble praise;
 And as they mount, enlighten every age
 With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays;
 Which from the awful heights of Grandeur brighter
 blaze.

LIX.

They, O perverse and base ingratitude!
 Despising the great ends of Providence,
 For which above their mates they were endued
 With wealth, authority, and eminence,
 To the low services of brutal sense
 Abus'd the means of pleasures more refin'd,
 Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence;
 And, fettering on her throne th' immortal mind,
 The guidance of her realm to passions wild resign'd.

LX.

Hence thoughtless, shameless, reckless, spiritless,
 Nought worthy of their kind did they essay;
 But or benumb'd with palsied Idleness
 In meerly living loiter'd life away.

Or,

* Hefts, behests, precepts, commands.

Or, by false taste of pleasure led astray,
 For-ever wandering in the sensual bowers
 Of feverish Debauch, and lustful Play,
 Spent on ignoble toils their active powers,
 And with untimely blasts diseas'd their vernal hours.

LXI.

Ev'n they to whom kind Nature did accord
 A frame more delicate, and purer mind,
 Though the foul brothel and the wine-stain'd board
 Of beastly Comus loathing they declin'd,
 Yet their soft hearts to idle joys resign'd;
 Like painted insects, through the summer-air
 With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd;
 And tasting every flower and blossom fair,
 Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

LXII.

For choice them needed none, who only sought
 With vain amusements to beguile the day;
 And wherefore should they take or care or thought,
 Whom Nature prompts, and Fortune calls to play?
 "Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
 So learn'd, so taught the leaders of mankind;
 Th' unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
 And, leaving toil and poverty behind,
 Ran forth by different ways the blissful boon to find.

LXIII.

Nor tedious was the search; for every where,
 As nigh great Custom's royal towers the Knight
 Pass'd throughs th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
 The merry voice of festival Delight

Saluting the return of morning bright
 With matin-revels, by the mid-day hours
 Scarce ended; and again with dewy night,
 In cover'd theatres, or leafy bowers,
 Offering her evening-vows to Pleasure's joyous powers.

LXIV.

And ever on the way mote he espy
 Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
 Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,
 By land, by water, passing aye along
 With mummers, antics, music, dance, and song,
 To Pleasure's numerous temples, that beside
 The glistening streams, or tufted groves among,
 To every idle foot stood open wide,
 And every gay desire with various joys supplied.

LXV.

For there each earth with diverse charms to move,
 The sly inchantress summon'd all her train:
 Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
 The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
 And tricking Hermes, god of fraudulent gain,
 Who, when blind Fortune throws, directs the die,
 And Phœbus tuning his soft Lydian strain
 To wanton motions, and the lover's sigh,
 And thought-beguiling shew, and masking revelry.

LXVI.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth,
 Who to true honour meaneth to aspire;
 And for the works of Virtue, Faith, and Truth,
 Would keep his manly faculties entire.

The

The which avizing well, the cautious fire
 From that soft syren land of Pleasaunce vain,
 With timely haste was minded to retire,
 *Or ere the sweet contagion mote attain
 His son's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious stain.

LXVII.

So turning from that beaten road aside,
 Through many a devious path at length he pac'd,
 As that experienc'd Palmer did him guide,
 Till to a mountain hoare they came at last;
 Whose high-rais'd brows with sylvan honours grac'd,
 Majestically frown'd upon the plain,
 And over all an awful horror cast.
 Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain,
 Which spangled all the vale like Flora's painted train.

LXVIII.

The hill ascended strait, ere while they came
 To a tall grove, whose thick-embowering shade,
 Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,
 Ev'n at mid-noon a dubious twilight made;
 Like to that sober light, which, disarray'd
 Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
 Through windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd,
 Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,
 Abstracting the rapt thought from vain earth-musing
 themes.

X 3

LXIX. Be-

* Or ere, before.

LXIX.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy
 Of clustering oaks, a sylvan colonnade,
 Aye listening to the native melody
 Of birds sweet-echoing through the lonely shade,
 On to the centre of the grove they stray'd ;
 Which, in a spacious circle opening round,
 Within its sheltering arms securely laid,
 Disclos'd to sudden view a vale profound,
 With Nature's artless smiles and tranquil beauties
 crown'd.

LXX.

There, on the basis of an ancient pile,
 Whose cross-surmounted spire o'erlook'd the wood,
 A venerable Matron they ere-while
 Discover'd have, beside a murmuring flood
 Reclining in right sad and pensive mood.
 Retir'd within her own abstracted breast,
 She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood ;
 The which her changing cheer by turns exprest,
 Now glowing with disdain, with grief now * over-kest.

LXXI.

Her thus immers'd in anxious thought profound
 When-as the Knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew ;
 To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
 And whence th' occasion of her anguish grew.

For

* Over-kest, for over-cast.

For that right noble Matron well he knew;
 And many perils huge, and labours sore,
 Had for her sake endur'd; her vassal true,
 Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
 Her honour to respect, and reverence her lore.

LXXII.

O dearest drad! he cried, fair island queen!
 Mother of heroes! Empress of the Main!
 What means that stormy brow of troublous teen?
 * Sith heaven-born Peace, with all her smiling train
 Of sciences and arts, adorns thy reign
 With wealth and knowledge, splendour and renown?
 Each port how throng'd! how fruitful every plain!
 How blithe the country! and how gay the town!
 While Liberty secures and heightens every boon!

LXXIII.

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive woe
 By these fair flattering words, she rais'd her head;
 And, bending on the Knight her frowning brow,
 Mock'st thou my sorrows, Fairy Son? she said,
 Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled
 To deem that certain, which thy hopes suggest?
 To deem them full of life and † lustihead,
 Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dress'd,
 And with Joy's careless mien, and dimpled smiles
 impress?

X 4

LXXIV. Thy

* Sith, since. † Lustihead, strong health, vigour.

LXXIV.

Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good
 I know, how sanguine in thy country's cause!
 And mark'd thy virtue, singly how it stood
 Th' assaults of mighty Custom, which o'erawes
 The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
 From Reason's lore th' ambitious and the vain.
 By the sweet lure of popular applause,
 Against their better knowledge, to maintain
 The lawless throne of Vice, or Folly's childish reign.

LXXV.

How vast his influence! how wide his sway!
 Thyself ere-while by proof didst understand:
 And saw st, as through his realms thou took'st thy way,
 How Vice and Folly had o'erspread the land.
 And canst thou then, O Fairy Son, demand
 The reason of my woe? or hope to ease
 The throbbings of my heart with speeches bland,
 And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
 The once-dear names of Wealth, and Liberty, and Peace?

LXXVI.

Peace, Wealth, and Liberty, that noblest boon,
 Are blessings, only to the wise and good.
 To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,
 And thence abus'd but serve to furnish food
 For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
 With high-spiced luxury; whence Strife, Debate,
 Ambition, Envy, Faction's viperous brood,
 Contempt of order, manners profligate;
 The symptoms of a foul, diseas'd, and bloated state.

LXXVII. Ev'ng.

LXXVII.

Ev'n Wit and Genius, with their learned train
 Of Arts and Muses, though from Heaven above
 Descended, when their talents they profane
 To varnish Folly, kindle wanton Love,
 And aid excentric Sceptic Pride to rove
 Beyond celestial Truth's attractive sphere,
 This moral system's central sun, aye prove
 To their fond votaries a curse severe,
 And only make mankind more obstinately err.

LXXVIII.

And stand my sons herein from censure clear?
 Have they consider'd well, and understood,
 The use and import of those blessings dear,
 Which the great Lord of Nature hath bestow'd
 As well to prove, as to reward the good?
 Whence are these torrents then, these billowy seas
 Of vice, in which, as in his proper flood,
 The fell Leviathan licentious plays,
 And upon shipwreck'd Faith and sinking Virtue preys?

LXXIX.

To you, ye Noble, Opulent and Great!
 With friendly voice I call, and honest zeal!
 Upon your vital influences wait
 The health and sickness of the commonweal;
 The maladies you cause, yourselves must heal.
 In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
 Will Truth and Reason make their just appeal;
 In vain will sacred Wisdom cry aloud;
 And Justice drench in vain her vengeful sword in blood.

LXXX. With

LXXX.

With you must reformation first take place:
 You are the head, the intellectual mind
 Of this vast body politic; whose base,
 And vulgar limbs, to drudgery consign'd,
 All the rich stores of Science have resign'd
 To you, that by the craftsman's various toil,
 The sea-worn mariner, and sweating hind,
 In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
 You, for yourselves and them, may dress the mental soil.

LXXXI.

Bethink you then, my children, of the trust
 In you repos'd: ne let your heaven-born mind
 Consume in pleasure, or unactive rust;
 But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
 The godlike task to teach and mend mankind:
 Learn, that ye may instruct: to virtue lead
 Yourself the way: the herd will crowd behind,
 And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
 "Example is a lesson, that all men can read."

LXXXII.

But if (to all or most I do not speak)
 In vain and sensual habits now grown old,
 The strong Circean charm you cannot break,
 Nor re-assume at will your native * mould,
 Yet envy not the state you could not hold;
 And take compassion on the rising age:
 In them redeem your errors manifold;
 And, by due discipline and nurture sage,
 In Virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.

* Mould, shape, form.

LXXXIII. You

LXXXIII.

You chiefly, who like me in secret mourn
 The prevalence of Custom lewd and vain;
 And you, who, though, by the rude torrent borne
 Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
 To his behests, and act what you disdain,
 Yet nourish in your hearts the generous love
 Of piety and truth, no more restrain:
 The manly zeal; but all your sinews move
 The present to reclaim, the future race improve!

LXXXIV.

Eftsoons by your joint efforts shall be quell'd
 Yon haughty Giant, who so proudly sways
 A sceptre by repute alone upheld;
 Who where he cannot dictate strait obeys,
 Accustom'd to conform his flattering phrase
 To numbers and high-plac'd authority,
 Your party he will join, your maxims praise,
 And, drawing after all his menial fry,
 Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

LXXXV.

Ne for the atchievement of this great emprize
 The want of means or counsel may ye dread.
 From my Twin-daughters' fruitful wombs shall rise
 A race of letter'd sages, deeply read
 In Learning's various writ: by whom y-led
 Through each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous grove,
 Where antique Wisdom whilom wont to tread,
 With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
 And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of knowledge prove.

LXXXVI. Your-

LXXXVI.

Yourself with virtue thus and knowledge fraught
 Of what, in ancient days of good or great
 Historians, bards, philosophers, have taught;
 Join'd with whatever else of modern date
 Maturer judgment, search more accurate,
 Discover'd have of Nature, Man, and God,
 May by new laws reform the time-worn state
 Of cell-bred discipline, and smoothe the road
 That leads thro' Learning's vale to Wisdom's bright abode.

LXXXVII.

By you invited to her secret bowers,
 Then shall Pædia reascend her throne
 With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flowers;
 While from their forked mount descending down
 Yon supercilious pedant train shall own
 Her empire paramount, ere-long by her
 Y-taught a lesson in their schools unknown,
 "To Learning's richest treasures to prefer
 "The knowledge of the world, and man's great business
 "there."

LXXXVIII.

On this prime science, as the final end
 Of all her discipline and nurturing care,
 Her eye Pædia fixing eye shall bend
 Her every thought and effort to prepare
 Her tender pupils for the various war,
 Which Vice and Folly shall upon them wage,
 As on the perilous march of life they fare
 With prudent lore fore-arming every age
 'Gainst Pleasure's treacherous joys, and Pain's embattled
 rage.

LXXXIX. Then

LXXXIX.

Then shall my youthful sons, to Wisdom led
 By fair example and ingenuous praise,
 With willing feet the paths of Duty tread;
 Through the world's intricate or rugged ways
 Conducted by Religion's sacred rays;
 Whose soul-invigorating influence
 Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
 Of sordid selfishness and brutal sense,
 And swell th' ennobled heart with bless'd benevolence.

XC.

Then also shall this emblematic pile,
 By magic whilom fram'd to sympathize
 With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,
 Still, as my sons in fame and virtue rise,
 Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding skies
 Its radiant cross uplift; the while, to grace
 The multiplying niches, fresh supplies
 Of worthies shall succeed, with equal pace
 Aye following their fires in virtue's glorious race.

XCI.

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
 She rose majestic from her lowly seat;
 While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame,
 Out-beaming, with unwonted light o'erspread
 That monumental pile; and as her head
 To every front she turn'd, discover'd round
 The venerable forms of heroes dead;
 Who, for their various merit erst renown'd,
 In this bright fane of glory shines of honour found.

XCII. On

XCH.

On these that royal dame her ravish'd eyes
 Would often feast; and ever as she spy'd
 Forth from the ground the lengthening structure rise
 With new-plac'd statues deck'd on every side,
 Her parent-breast would swell with generous pride,
 And now with her in that sequester'd plain,
 The Knight awhile constraining to abide,
 She to the Fairy Youth with pleasure fain
 Those sculptur'd chiefs did shew, and their great lives
 explain.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

Written in Lord WESTMORLAND'S Hermitage.

NE gay attire, ne marble-hall,
 Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
 Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
 Bestow'd with pyes of perigord;
 Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
 Sweet Agnes, grant to Father Francis;
 Let me ne more myself deceive;
 Ne more regret the toys I leave;
 The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
 Corruption's and Ambition's train;
 But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
 'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne prayer;
 But such aye welcome to my cell,
 And oft, not always with me dwell;

Then

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER. 319

Then cast, sweet Saint, a circle round,
And bless from fools this holy ground;
From all the foes to worth and truth,
From wanton old, and homely youth;
The gravely dull, and pertly gay,
Oh banish these; and, by my fay,
Right well I ween that in this age,
Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

Beneath these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell;
Say you, who dare our hermitage disdain,
What drawing-room can boast so fair a train?

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL;

Sweet bird, that sing'st on yonder spray,
Pursue unharm'd thy sylvan lay;
While I beneath this breezy shade,
In peace repose my careless head;
And joining thy enraptur'd song,
Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented harmless breast
In solitude itself is blest.

INSCRIP.

INSCRIPTION on a SUMMER-HOUSE

Belonging to Mr. WEST, at WICKHAM, in KENT.

(An Imitation of AUSONIUS, "Ad Villam.")

NOT wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous clouds,
 And not far distant, stands my rural cot:
 Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
 Nor for the good and friendly too remote.
 And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
 Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy;
 Swift as my changing wish, I change the scene;
 And now the country, now the town enjoy.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

WEST'S POEMS.

ODES OF PINDAR.

THE first Olympick Ode,	Page 133
Second,	144
Third,	155
Fifth,	161
Seventh,	168
Eleventh,	179
Twelfth,	182
Fourteenth,	186
The first Pythian Ode,	190
The first Nemean Ode,	202
The eleventh Nemean Ode,	209
The second Isthmian Ode,	216
The Song of Orpheus, and the setting out of the Argo. Translated from the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius,	221
The Story of Phineus. From the same,	225
The Hymn of Cleanthes,	232
The Triumphs of the Gout,	235
Y	On

On the Abuse of Travelling. A Canto, in Imitation of Spenser, - - -	Page 259
Education. A Poem: written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of Spenser's Fairy Queen, - - -	281
Father Francis's Prayer. Written in Lord West- morland's Hermitage, - - - - -	318
Inscription in a Summer-house belonging to Mr. West, at Wickham, in Kent, - - -	320

4 AP 54

POEMS

P O E M S

B Y

M R.

G R A Y.





ODE ON THE SPRING.

L O! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Fair Venus' train appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year!
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckow's note,
 The untaught harmony of spring:
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
 Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade;
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade*,
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
 How low, how little are the Proud,
 How indigent the Great!

* - - - - - a bank
 O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

SHAKESP. MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM.

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
 The panting herd's repose:
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon*:
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun †.

To contemplation's sober eye ‡
 Such is the race of Man:
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the Busy and the Gay
 But flutter through life's little day.
 In Fortune's varying colours drest:
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
 They leave in dust to rest.

* "Nare per æstatem liquidam —"

VIRG. GEORG. LIB. IV.

† - - - sporting with quick glance
 Shew to the sun their waved coats drop'd with gold.
 MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, BOOK VII.

While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

M. GREEN, IN THE GROTTTO.

DODSLEY'S MISCELLANIES, VOL. V. P. 161.

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply :
 Poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown :
 Thy fun is set, thy spring is gone —
 We frolick while 'tis May..

O D E
ON THE DEATH OF A
FAVOURITE CAT,
DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

ODE ON A FAVOURITE CAT. 329

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat 's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between.
(Malignant Fate fate-by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd ;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Not all that glisters, gold.

[370]

O D E

O N A

D I S T A N T P R O S P E C T

O F

E T O N C O L L E G E.

"Ἀνθρωπος· ἰκάνη πρόφασιν εἰς τὸ δυσχεῖν.

M E N A N D E R.

Y E distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's * holy shade ;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
 Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !

I feel

* King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.

ODE ON ETON COLLEGE. 331

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, * redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chace the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

* And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murtherous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vulturs of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind;
Or pining Love, shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy,
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness * laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griev'd troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.

* — Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

Yet

Yet ah! why should they know their fate!
 Since Sorrow never comes too late,
 And Happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more; where Ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

H Y M N

T O

A D V E R S I T Y.

— Ζήνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτὲς ὀδω-
 σαίνα, τῷ πάθει μάθων
 Θεία κρῖνος ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnone.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,

Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse; thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.
 Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.

Light

Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 By vain prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.
 Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the general Friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.
 Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
 Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.
 Thy form benign, oh goddess wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive.
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

* — "squilla di lontano

"Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore."

DANTE. PURGAT. l. 3.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The peeling anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But

ELEGY IN A CHURCH-YARD. 339

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul,

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 * Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

* " Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
 " Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
 " Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."

PETRARCH. SON. 169.

There

ELEGY IN A CHURCH-YARD. 34*

- " There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
" His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
" Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
" Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
" Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
" The next with dirges due in sad array
" Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
" Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPI TAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(* There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

* — preventosa speme.

PETRARCH. SON. 114.

THE

T H E
P R O G R E S S O F P O E S Y.
A P I N D A R I C O D E.

Φωνᾶν τε συνείλοισιν· ἵς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἱρμηνίων χαλίζει. PINDAR. OLYMP. II.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WHEN the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.

I. I.

* **A**WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings:
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

* Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.

DAVID'S PSALMS.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολῆς μολπή, Αἰόλιδες χορδαί, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν. Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
 The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

* Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
 And frantic Passions, hear thy soft control,
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
 † Perching on the scepter'd hand

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

† This is a faint imitation of some incomparable lines in the same Ode.

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing;
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

* Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen.
On Cytherea's day
With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
† Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
‡ The bloom of young Desire, and purple-light of
Love.

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† Μαρμαρυγὰς θηῖτο ποδῶν· δαύμαζε δὲ θυμῶν.

HOMER. Od. ©.

‡ Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι

Παρήνσι φῶς ἔρωτος. PHRYNICHUS, apud Athe-
næum.

II. 1.

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what ills await,
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?

Night, and all her sickly dews,

Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky :

† Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of
 war.

II. 2.

† In climes beyond the solar || road,

Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom

To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.

* To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life,
 the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence
 that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel
 the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or seen the morning's well-appointed star

Come marching up the eastern hills afar. COWLEY.

† Extensive influence of poetic genius over the re-
 motest and most uncivilized nations : its connection
 with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on
 it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh Fragments,
 the Lapland and American songs.]

|| "Extra anni solisque vias—"

VIRGIL.

"Tutta lontana dal camin del sole." Petrarch, Canzon 2.

And

And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:

* Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

Till

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's * darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face: The dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he †, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 ‡ He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:

* Shakespeare.

† Milton.

‡ "— flammantia moenia mundi." LUCRETIVS.

The

* The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
† Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bears
‡ Two coursers of ethereal race,
§ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resound-
ing pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn

|| Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.

** But ah! 'tis heard no more—

* For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28.

† Ὁφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· διδὼ δ' ἠδύϊαν αἰοιδῆν. HOM. OD.

‡ Meant to express the stately march and founding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

§ Hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder? Job.

|| Words, that weep, and tears, that speak. Cowley.

** We have had, in our language, no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's-day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgement, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his Choruses—above all, in the last of Caractacus,

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? &c.

Oh!

Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 * That the Theban eagle bear
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

* Διὸς πρὸς ἀνιχα θεῶν. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

T H E
B A R D.
A P I N D A R I C O D E.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 1.

- R**UIN seize thee, ruthless king!
 ' Confusion on thy banners wait,
 ' Though, fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing;
 ' * They mock the air with idle state.
 ' Helm, nor † hauberk's twisted mail,
 ' Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 ' To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ' From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !"
 * Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakespeare's King John.

† The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

Such

Such were the sounds, that o'er the * crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of † Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout ‡ Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 To arms! cried § Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering
 lance.

L. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (|| Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 *** Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

* — The crested adder's pride. Dryden's *Indian Queen*.

† Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the highlands of *Caernarvonshire* and *Merionethshire*, as far east as the river *Conway*. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of *Conway*, built by King Edward the first, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283,) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte."

‡ Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

§ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

|| The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel: there are two of these paintings (both believed original,) one at Florence, the other at Paris.

*** Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*.
 And

And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

‘ Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
‘ Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
‘ O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
‘ Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
‘ To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

‘ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
‘ That hush'd the stormy main:

‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain

‘ Modred, whose magic song
‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.

‘ * On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
‘ Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:

‘ Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
‘ The famish'd † eagle screams, and passes by.

‘ * The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle
of Anglesey.

† Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *The Eagle's Nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.]

- Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
- • Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
- Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
- Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
- No more I weep. They do not sleep.
- On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
- I see them sit, they linger yet,
- Avengers of their native land:
- With me in dreadful harmony they join,
- And † weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

H. I.

- “Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
- “The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
- “Give ample room, and verge enough
- “The characters of hell to trace.
- “Mark the year, and mark the night,
- “† When Severn shall re-echo with affright:
- “The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring;
- “Shrieks of an agonizing King!
- “|| She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
- “As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
- “That visit my sad heart — SHAKESP. Jul. Cæsar.
- † See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.
- † Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-castle.
- || Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adulterous Queen.

• That

- “ That tears the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 “ * From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
 “ The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him
 “ wait!
 “ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d;
 “ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 3.

- “ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 “ † Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 “ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 “ A tear to grace his obsequies.
 “ Is the fable † Warrior fled?
 “ Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
 “ The Swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born?
 “ Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 “ Fair ‖ laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 “ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
 “ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 “ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 “ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind’s sway,
 “ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

* Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

† Death of that King, abandoned by his children,
 and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers
 and his mistress,

‡ Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before
 his father.

‖ Magnificence of Richard the Second’s reign. See
 Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

II. 3.

- " * Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare:
 " Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 " Heard ye the din of † battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse!
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye towers of Julius ‡, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his ¶ Consort's faith, his Father's § fame,
 " And spare the meek ¶ Usurper's holy head.

* Richard the Second (as we are told by archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

‡ Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

¶ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

§ Henry the Fifth.

¶ Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

" Above

- " Above, below, the * rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread :
 " The bristled † boar in infant-gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. I.

- " Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).
 " † Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 " Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 " But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 " Descending flow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 " Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 " Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !

* The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

† The silver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third ; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

|| Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

- * No more our long-lost * Arthur we bewail.
- * All-hail, † ye genuine Kings; Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

- * Girt with many a Baron bold
- * Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
- * And gorgeous Dames and Statesmen old,
- * In-bearded majesty, appear.
- * In the midst a Form divine!
- * Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
- * Her lion-port †, her awe-commanding face,
- * Attempter'd sweet to virgin-grace.
- * What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
- * What strains of vocal transport round her play ;
- * Hear from the grave, great Talieffin ‖, hear ;
- * They breathe a soul to animate thy clay,

* It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island ; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.

‡ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, * And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartness of her princelie cheekes.

‖ Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

* Bright

- “Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 “Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour’d wings.

III. 3.

- “The verse adorn again
 “* Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 “And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress’d.
 “In † buskin’d measures move
 “Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 “With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 “A † Voice, as of the Cherub-choir,
 “Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 “|| And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 “That lost in long futurity expire.
 “Fond impious Man, think’st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
 “Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day?
 “To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 “And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 “Enough for me: With joy I see
 “The different doom our Fates assign.
 “Be thine Despair, and scepter’d Care;
 “To triumph, and to die, are mine.”
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.

* Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

SPENSER’S *Proëme to the Fairy Queen*.

† Shakespeare.

† Milton.

|| The succession of poets after Milton’s time.

THE
FATAL SISTERS.

A N O D E*.

(FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN THE

ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS
HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio; and also in BAR-
THOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT RYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

* The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving "The History of English Poetry :"
In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced
some specimens of the Style that reigned in ancient
times among the neighbouring nations, or those who
had subdued the greater part of this island, and were
our progenitors; the following three imitations made
a part of them. He has long since dropped his design,
especially after he had heard that it was already in
the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice,
both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

PRE-

P R E F A C E.

IN the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of Siötryg with the Silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and Siötryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south.

THE

FATAL SISTERS

AN ODE.

NOW the storm begins to lour,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)

* Iron-fleet of arrowy shower
† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.
See the grisly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Note—The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies chusers of the slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them
shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy shower— Milton's Par. Reg.

† The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

Shakespeare's Jul. Cæsar.

Shafts

THE FATAL SISTERS. 363

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along,
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field:
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live,
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
 Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
 Fate demands a nobler head;
 Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
 Ne'er again his likeness see;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep,
 Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun:
 Sisters, weave the web of death;
 Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
 Songs of joy and triumph sing!
 Joy to the victorious bands;
 Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
 Learn the tenour of our song.
 Scotland, through each winding vale
 Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence, with spurs of speed:
 Each her thundering falchion wield;
 Each bestride her sable steed.
 Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE

THE
DESCENT OF ODIN.
A N O D E.

(From the NORSE-TONGUE.)

In BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis;

HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAULR, &c.

U PROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled stait his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode;
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.

* Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

Onward

Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he sate;
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic maid.
 Facing to the northern clime,
 Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
 Till from out the hollow ground
 Slowly breath'd a fullen sound,

PR. What call unknown, what charms presume
 To break the quiet of the tomb?
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
 And drags me from the realms of night?
 Long on these mouldering bones have beat
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
 The drenching dews, and driving rain!
 Let me, let me sleep again.

Who is he with voice unblest,
 That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A traveller, to thee unknown,
 Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
 Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
 Tell me what is done below,
 For whom yon glittering board is spread,
 Draft for whom yon golden bed.

PR. Mantling

THE DESCENT OF ODIN. 367

PR. Mantling in the goblet, see
 The pure beverage of the bee,
 O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
 'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
 Balder's head to death is given,
 Pain can reach the sons of heaven!
 Unwilling I my lips uncloseth:
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey:
 Prophets, arise, and say,
 What dangers Odin's child await,
 Who the author of his fate?

PR. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom:
 His brother sends him to the tomb.
 Now my weary lips I close:
 Leave me, leave me, to repose.

O. Prophets, my spell obey:
 Once again arise, and say,
 Who th' avenger of his guilt,
 By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,
 By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
 A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
 Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
 Nor wash his visage in the stream,
 Nor see the sun's departing beam;
 Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
 Flaming on the funeral pile.
 Now my weary lips I close:
 Leave me, leave me, to repose.

O. Yet

O. Yet a while my call obey; in guileless M. Pr. Mantling
 Prophetess, awake, and say, the purest of all
 What virgins these, in speechless woe, O'er it hang,
 That bend to earth their solemn brow, T. Is the death
 That their flaxen tresses tear, Balder's head to death
 And snowy veils; that float in air, Pain can reach
 Tell me whence their sorrows rose; my I guilting
 Then I leave thee to repose. I leave me, leave me

Pr. Ha! no traveller art thou, O. Once again
 King of men, I know thee now, Prophetess, arise,
 Mightiest of a mighty line— What dangers O'er

O. No boding maid of skill divine, Who the auspicious
 Art thou, nor prophetess of good, Pr. In Hober,
 But mother of the giant-brood! His brother Leck

Pr. Hie thee hence, and boast at home, New my
 That never shall enquirer come, I leave me, leave me
 To break my iron-sleep again; O. Prophetess, arise,
 Till * Lok has burst his tenfold chain. Once again
 Never, till substantial night, Who in evening of his
 Has reassum'd her ancient right, By whom shall
 Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd, Pr. In the
 Sinks the fabric of the world. By Odin's force

* Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

THE

THE
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN*.
A FRAGMENT.
FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry:
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

O WEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
† Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
‡ Lochlin plows the watery way;

* Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

† North-Wales. ‡ Denmark.

There the Norman sails afar
 Catch the winds, and join the war:
 Black and huge along they sweep,
 Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
 * The Dragon-son of Mona stands;
 In glittering arms and glory drest,
 High he rears his ruby crest.
 There the thundering strokes begin,
 There the press, and there the din;
 Talymalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
 Thousand banners round him burn.
 Where he points his purple spear,
 Hasty, hasty rout is there,
 Marking with indignant eye
 Fear to stop, and to shame fly.
 There Confusion, Terror's child,
 Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
 Agony, that pants for breath,
 Despair and honourable Death.

* * * * *

4 AP 54

* The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader,
 which all his descendants bore on their banners.

C O N -

C O N T E N T S

O F

G R A Y ' S P O E M S .

O DE on the Spring, - - -	Page	325
Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, -		328
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton-College, -		330
Hymn to Adversity, - - -		335
Elegy wrtitten in a Country Church-Yard, -		337
The Epitaph, - - -		341
The Progress of Poesy. A Pindaric Ode -		343
The Bard. A Pindaric Ode, - - -		351
The Fatal Sisters. An Ode, - - -		360
The Descent of Odin. An Ode, - - -		365
The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment, -		369

THE END OF GRAY'S POEMS.

CONTENTS

GRAY'S POEMS

322	ODE on the Spring.
318	Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat.
320	Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton-College.
322	Hymn to Adversity.
327	Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard.
341	The Epitaph.
342	The Progress of Poetry. A Panhamic Ode.
351	The Bard. A Pindaric Ode.
360	The Fatal Sisters. An Ode.
367	The Defect of Obedience. An Ode.
368	The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment.

